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APRIL, 1955

THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

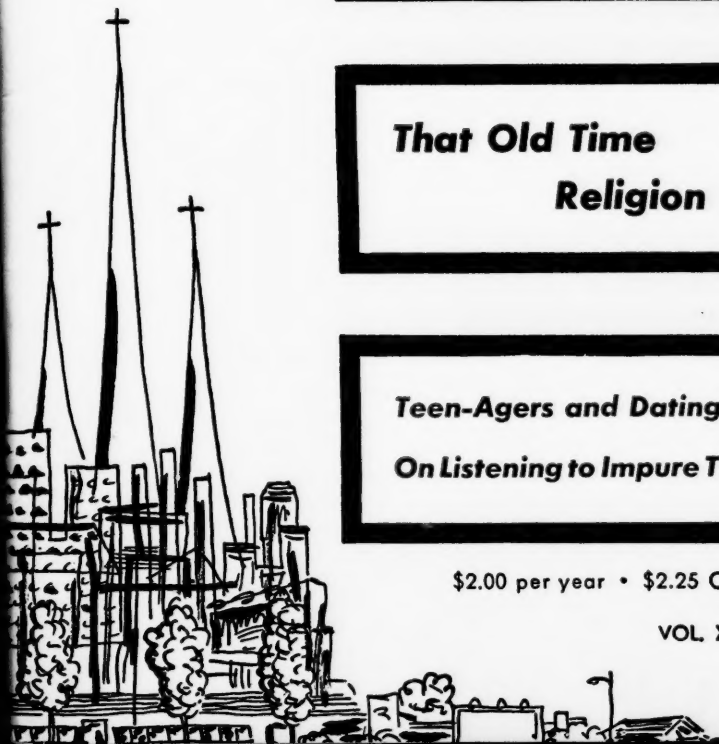
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<i>Editor:</i> D. F. MILLER, C.S.S.R.	
<i>Associate Editors:</i>	
M. J. Huber, C.S.S.R.	L. Miller, C.S.S.R.
E. Miller, C.S.S.R.	R. Miller, C.S.S.R.
T. E. Tobin, C.S.S.R.	D. Corrigan, C.S.S.R.
J. Schaefer, C.S.S.R.	J. E. Doherty, C.S.S.R.
F. M. Lee, C.S.S.R.	
<i>Promotion:</i> R. A. Gaydos, C.S.S.R. — C. A. Bodden, C.S.S.R.	
<i>Subscription Manager:</i> J. Elworthy, C.S.S.R.	
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THE
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April, 1955

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy
and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

How to Grieve for Your Sins

Holy Week, with its commemoration of the passion of Christ, should awaken in every Catholic profound sorrow for his sins. Here is a help to that end.

Donald F. Miller

IT HAS often been said, and has become an axiom of spiritual writers, that devotion to the passion of Jesus Christ is indispensable for growth in the love of God and for keeping alive in one's heart an effective and persevering sorrow for sin. Christ suffered for the sins of every individual who ever offends Him; the individual sinner can realize the great evil of his sins and God's desire for his repentance only by entering intimately into considerations of His Saviour's suffering.

The most powerful and popular spiritual exercise designed to promote in the hearts and minds of Christians loving and penitent thoughts of the sufferings of Christ is the way of the cross. In every finished church anywhere in the world you will find the fourteen stations, printed, painted, moulded or carved, that make up the way of the cross. Making the way of

the cross means making a short meditation at each of these stations. This can be done together with a whole congregation, when a priest, accompanied usually by acolytes and cross-bearer, reads aloud a little meditation before each station while the people remain in their pews and merely turn toward the station being considered.

The way of the cross can also be made privately, in which case a person walks from station to station, pausing before each one to consider the sufferings of Christ. Even sick and confined persons can make the way of the cross by having a crucifix blessed to take the place of the fourteen stations, and by reciting an Our Father, a Hail Mary, a Glory be to the Father, for each of the fourteen stations, and then six more for the Holy Father's intention. Only those who use a single crucifix blessed to represent the fourteen stations need say any vocal pray-

ers. Those who make the way of the cross in a church or chapel need only *meditate* on Christ's sufferings before each station.

The richest possible fruits, in the form of both officially granted indulgences, and of increase in the love of God, are earned by the practice of making the way of the cross. Different prayer-books have different helpful and approved formulas of meditation and prayer to be used for making the way of the cross, perhaps the best known and most popular among them being that composed by St. Alphonsus Liguori. None of these is of obligation for gaining the indulgences of the way of the cross. Anyone is free to awaken his own thoughts and affections while pausing at each of the fourteen stations.

However, printed meditations do help a great many people, and that is why another set of such meditations is offered here. This one uses the part of the Saviour's passion commemorated by each station as a starting point for an examination of conscience on a special class of sins and faults. Christ suffered in such a wide variety of ways to make atonement for the wide variety of ways in which His people offend Him. Here then, for private use in making the way of the cross, is a series of short meditations that draw from the fourteen stations, fourteen brief examinations of conscience on important matters for every Christian.

1.

Jesus is unjustly condemned to death

Five times, O my dear Saviour, Pilate in one way or another pronounced You innocent of any crime during Your trial before him. Each time Your enemies threatened him with loss of his worldly power if he refused to do their will. He tried to satisfy them by order-

ing Your cruel scourging and by permitting them to crown You with the mocking and painful crown of thorns. In the end, though he washed his hands to symbolize his unwillingness to decree Your death, he whose word alone could condemn You commanded that You be put to death on a cross. Calmly, even gladly, You accepted this unjust sentence for me.

You promised that Your followers would not escape unjust criticism and condemnation from the world. How have I accepted the criticisms and accusations of others? Even when they were in part or wholly justified, have I not reacted with anger, desires for revenge, perhaps even hatred and enmity? Have I not often spoken evil of others unjustly, even as You were accused by Your enemies? O help me to bear patiently and calmly the unkindness and cruelty of those around me, to refrain from judging and criticizing any of my neighbors, in memory of Your acceptance of the slanders of Your enemies, and of Pontius Pilate's condemning You to the cross.

2.

Jesus takes the cross upon His shoulders

It was a heavy cross, dear Lord, that they roughly placed upon Your shoulders, very probably weighing not much less than one hundred pounds. It had to be dragged as much as carried, the long beam extending too far behind You to be lifted entirely from the ground. As the end of the cross was to pass over the uneven stones of the streets of Jerusalem, it was as if the cross was being raised and lowered on Your shoulders time after time. Each time You accepted it anew, as the cross that would save me from my sins.

"If anyone would come after Me," You once said, "let him take up his

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cross daily and follow Me." You have sent me crosses, my beloved Redeemer, though none of them have been so heavy or hard to carry as the one You accepted for me. My crosses have come in the form of sickness, or bereavement, or lack of material comforts, or ingratitude from others, or worry about the spiritual or material welfare of those dear to me. How often I have complained about these crosses! How foolishly have I listened to those who said that these crosses were a sign that You did not love me. Now I know that You do love me, by the cross You carried for me, and I will love You by accepting the crosses You send me, up to and including that of my death.

3.

Jesus falls the first time

How terrible it is to see the omnipotent Son of God falling to the ground, with the heavy cross clattering down on His back! Here is strength itself become weakness. Yet You, my Saviour, have chosen to be reduced to such weakness. You have accepted the agony in Gethsemani, with the trembling fear and bloody sweat. You have submitted to night-long mental and physical torment at the hands of those who hated and envied You; You have not resisted the soldiers who scourged You and crowned You with thorns. No wonder Your strength gives out as You stagger along under Your cross. No wonder You fall.

But Your fall, and all Your physical weakness, are reminders to me of my voluntary and unnecessary falls into sin. I can see now why it was that I fell. Did I not neglect prayer, sometimes for days at a time, and thus permit my will to grow weak in the face of temptation? Did I not plunge into occasions of sin, knowing that there I

would almost certainly fall? Did I not fail to call out to You when bad thoughts and desires appealed to my mind and heart? You fell on the way to Calvary to atone for these voluntary falls of mine; I promise now that I shall use the graces You won for me never to fall again.

4.

Jesus meets His grieving mother

How many memories must suddenly come back to You, my dearest Saviour, as You meet Your mother on the way of the cross! Memories of Your infancy, when she so often held You in her arms; memories of Your childhood and youth, when she made Your poor home rich with her love; memories of her loyalty, who never offended or hurt You by a fault or a sin! But now she can only gaze upon You for a moment as You pass by, Your face clotted with blood and sweat, Your body bent and staggering beneath the cross, Your heart stung by the blasphemies and curses of the soldiers who force You on. Never did a mother and son meet in such poignant suffering!

Yet this most sorrowful meeting was meant to make atonement for all the sins by which members of families hurt one another. In particular, it is intended to awaken sorrow in my heart for my sins against the members of my family. How often did I not bring sorrow to my mother and father by my disobedience. How often have I not made my home a scene of quarreling and wrangling, when it should be a haven of peace. How often have I not borne resentment and carried grudges against those most near and dear to me. O Mary, perfect mother of a perfect Son, by the anguish you experienced in meeting Jesus as He carried His cross, obtain for me true sorrow for the sins I have committed in my home, and the grace to imitate your

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perfect love.

5.

Jesus is helped by Simon

I know, my dear Redeemer, that it was not pity or compassion that induced Your tormentors to compel Simon, the stranger, to help You carry Your cross. It was rather the cruel desire to make sure You would reach the place where they were to nail You to Your cross. How strange it was that they should have to compel a stranger to assist You, that there were not scores of bystanders who would eagerly rush forward to carry the cross for You. But there was none, none whose heart had not been turned against You, or who was not too fearful of the wrath of the wicked men who drove You on to permit his pity to express itself in action. Only Simon, under duress, came to Your aid.

Surely by this, You wanted to remind me of how it is still possible for me to help You carry Your cross today, and of the many times in which I have failed to do so in the past. You said: Whatsoever you do to the least of My little ones, you do to Me. Have I not often failed through selfishness to do acts of charity for the poor, and thus failed to help You? Have I not given way to prejudice or ill-will or discrimination against an individual or a class of individuals and thus shown hatred for You? Have I not judged others, and spoken about the faults of others, and slandered others, and thus made both their and Your crosses harder and heavier to bear? I am sorry for these sins now; I will atone for them; I will never again fail You in Your need by failing or hurting my fellow-man.

6.

Jesus is comforted by Veronica

Under the hot sun of Jerusalem, O Jesus, Your face became a pitiable

sight as the stinging sweat mingled with the blood that dripped from the wounds in Your thorn-crowned head, and burned like fire in the wounds themselves. Blood and sweat, and dirt and dust from the streets, streaked Your features and made You long for a soothing cloth to wipe them away. What a moment of exquisite relief was provided then, when the fearless Veronica, daring the anger of the soldiers, slipped quickly past them and gently pressed the soft veil to Your countenance. What a wonderful sign of gratitude You gave her by imprinting upon her veil the very image of Your features!

Veronica was inspired to be the example of all those who rise above human respect to show their love for You, O Jesus, and a rebuke to all who for fear of the world hide their love and deny their faith in You. How often have I not been guilty of hiding in the crowd of worldlings when I should have stepped forth to manifest my allegiance to You. How often have I not taken part in the wicked conversations of others, because I was afraid of being ridiculed by those who wanted me to offend You. By the example of Veronica I am moved to deep sorrow for all my sins of human respect, and to promise that, like her, I shall brave mockery, persecution and death, to avoid approving or taking part in the sins of others, and so to comfort You on Your way to Calvary.

7.

Jesus falls the second time

Even with Simon carrying part of the weight of Your heavy cross on his own strong shoulders, O my Saviour, You continue to stagger rather than walk along the way. Your strength is all but spent; the soldiers strike You whenever You falter, until once more You fall heavily upon the stony

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ground. Your journey to Calvary is only half completed, yet as You lie in the dust again nothing must appeal to You more than the thought of letting it end here, of letting death come now to end Your suffering. But it is Your Father's will that You die, not on the road, but on the cross; so You permit the soldiers to drag You to Your feet and force You onward again.

It is thus that You atone for the many sins I have committed after having fallen previously and promised, in confession, that I would suffer death rather than offend You again! How shallow were my acts of contrition for having nailed You to Your cross, or if they were sincere, how soon did I not permit them to fade from my heart! How justly You might have taken my soul and condemned me to hell when I so soon forgot the miracle of Your forgiveness and deliberately returned to the sins I had said I detested with all my heart. By Your second fall, O make my present sorrow for all my past sins remain strong and effective until I die.

8.

Jesus meets the weeping women

There were few moments of even the slightest relief for Your tortured body and wounded heart, O my Jesus, during the long hours of Your passion. One such, no doubt, was the fleeting experience of the compassion of the little band of women whom You saw weeping for You as You passed them along the way. But even this You turned into a lesson and a warning. Thinking of the thousands who would come after them, who would be deprived of a knowledge of their redemption, or who would deliberately will to nail You to Your cross again by sin, You said to the weeping women: "Weep not for Me but for your children."

The lesson, my dear Saviour, was

intended not only for the weeping women of Jerusalem, but also for me. In granting me the gift of the true faith, You have asked me to make it known to others, to hand it down to generations that will come after me. How often have I failed those "not yet of Your fold!" How often have I given scandal that would keep others from approaching You and Your Church. How often have I neglected to use opportunities to help others understand Your teachings and to share Your love. How often have I failed to encourage and help those subject to me, those near and dear to me, to be more faithful to You. You told the women who had pity on You to weep for future generations who would be deprived of a knowledge of You, and I weep for my failure to draw those of my own generation unto You.

9.

Jesus falls the third time

You are close to the summit of the hill called Golgotha, O my Jesus. Though the ascent is not steep, it is still too much for the little strength that remains in Your body, as the soldiers grow impatient and try to hurry You along. Thus it is that You fall once more. In mounting fury the soldiers seize and raise You to Your feet, and with the end of their brutal work in sight, begin to push and pull and half-carry You the rest of the way. They know now that there is little more suffering that You can bear without lapsing into unconsciousness; they want You to be still living and conscious when they nail You to the cross.

Your third fall, dear Jesus, is a grim and sad reminder to me of the habits of sin into which I have fallen in the past. It is heartrending to think that You had to fall three times on Your journey to death, but I know that these

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three falls were meant to inspire sorrow in me, and to make atonement for my repeated falls into the same sin. How callous and indifferent to Your love I was when I repeatedly indulged in the same sinful pleasure, or repeatedly disobeyed one of Your serious commands. With all my heart I grieve over such habits of sin today; I thank You for having permitted me to live to repair the injury I have offered You. I kneel before You as You lie prostrate, and promise to suffer death with You rather than return to my old habits of sin again.

10.

Jesus is stripped of His garments

With no gentleness, but with swift and brutal jerks, the executioners tear off Your clothing, O my Jesus, as soon as You have reached the summit of Calvary. This is like a renewal of all the bodily hurts and wounds You have already received. Your clothing clings to the already feverish, festering sores caused by the terrible scourging and the many blows rained upon You during Your night of trial and along the way of the cross. As the clothing is ripped away You must feel as if You are being scourged again, as the wounds re-open and flowing blood bathes Your body once more.

Thus painfully You were stripped of Your garments to remind me of the folly of my sinful and dangerous attachments, and to inspire me with courage to strip them from my heart, no matter how painful this may be. You once said: "If thy eye scandalize thee, pluck it out . . . if thy right hand scandalize thee, cut it off." How unwilling I have been to pay this price for escaping hell and winning heaven. How often I have clung to friends who only wished to lead me into sin; how attached I have been to money and the comforts it could buy, even to the

extent of seeking them through sin and neglect of my duties to You. As I see the garments stripped from Your body, I strip myself of all dangerous and worldly attachments, and give all my love to You, my Saviour and my God.

11.

Jesus is nailed to the cross

I shall not avert my eyes, my beloved Redeemer, from this last harrowing torture that You have chosen to suffer for me. Having torn away Your clothing, the executioners roughly cast You down on the cross as it lies on the ground prepared to receive You. They kneel on Your hands and legs to hold them in place, and then drive the nails through Your flesh and muscle and nerves till Your hands and feet are fixed tightly to the wood of the cross. But while You are enduring this intense new pain, even as the hammer blows ring out on the nails, You utter that unforgettable prayer: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

And I, how much I need Your forgiveness for the part I have played in nailing You to Your cross! Your hands, now transfixed and helpless, have blessed and healed and fed the multitudes; my hands have so often been used for sinful deeds, and yet they remain free. Your feet, now paralyzed by the nails that bind them, have carried You so often on journeys of mercy and compassion and salvation for others; my feet, that so often led me into occasions of sin, are still unhurt and whole. Your voice asks only forgiveness for Your enemies; how often my voice has uttered harsh and hateful things against those who hurt me even in the slightest way. I grieve for all these sins that have helped to nail You to Your cross; I dedicate my hands and my feet and

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my voice to Your service and Your love forever.

12.

Jesus dies on the cross

The lifting up of Your cross is the moment You have waited for, my dear Saviour, from the moment You appeared in the world. But what racking pain it brings You, as the weight of the wood and of Your body combined is permitted to drop into the deep hole prepared to hold Your cross aloft. How slowly and how agonizingly the three hours pass that You have chosen to remain alive on the cross. How deeply You feel the curses and mockery of those who hate You, and yet how sweetly You speak to the repentant thief, to Your mother, to the multitudes for whose love You thirst, to Your Father in heaven. But at last the end comes. You mark it with one last miracle, the miracle of Your loud cry that proves to all the world that You are laying down Your life freely for love of me: "It is consummated." Then you bow Your head and die.

My sins, O Jesus, have made it necessary for You to die, but Your death has made it possible for me to live in joy forever. You have willed daily to renew and re-enact this sacrifice of Your life in an unbloody manner in the sacrifice of the Mass, thus to "show Your death" to me, that I might be moved to sorrow for my sins, and might apply the merit of Your redeeming sacrifice to my own soul. How insensible I have been to the sublime meaning of the Mass! How often I have neglected to attend Mass, even perhaps on days of obligation, when my staying away was like a declaration of willingness to nail You to Your cross again. How selfishly and wilfully I have been distracted during Mass, and have even attended without arousing my heart to deep sorrow

for my many sins. Here in spirit at the foot of Your cross, gazing upon Your dead body, I promise to offer up Your sacrifice for my sins as often and devoutly as I can in the future.

13.

Jesus is taken down from the cross

Quickly, after the spear of the soldier has pierced Your side and brought forth water instead of blood, the soldiers and the crowd depart from the hill of Calvary. Then come Your friends, Joseph and Nicodemus, so fearful to show their love before in the face of the contempt of Your enemies, to assist Mary, Your mother, and John, Your beloved disciple, and Mary Magdalen the sinner, whom You have converted, in taking Your body down from the cross. When the nails have been withdrawn from Your hands and feet, and Your body gently carried down the ladders that had been raised, it is placed in the arms of Your mother. As she held You when You were a baby, so she holds You now, but now her heart is breaking with grief.

As Mary sorrowfully received Your dead body from the cross, so I, my crucified Jesus, can receive Your living body as often as I will in the joyous embrace of Holy Communion. You have said to me: "I will give you My flesh to eat and My blood to drink, and he that eateth Me shall live by Me forever." But how many weeks and months of my life have passed during which I have forgotten this wondrous invitation "to live by You" through partaking of Your body and Your blood! Have I even dared to receive You sacrilegiously, with unconfessed or unrepented mortal sins upon my soul? As I watch Mary tenderly receive Your dead body from the cross, and I grieve for my neglect of Your body and blood in the past, I promise to receive You often, even daily if pos-

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sible, in the blessed embrace of Holy Communion.

14.

Jesus is buried

Into a borrowed stable You were born, O my Jesus, and now into a borrowed tomb Your body is carried and laid to rest. Your mother and Your friends enfold Your body in a spotless winding sheet, and then reverently arrange it on the flat stone where it will rest only until You fulfill the promise of Your resurrection. But this moment is one of infinite sorrow for Mary and the weeping women who loved You to the end. Each one kneels beside Your body for a last farewell; then, as they leave the dim interior of the tomb, the men roll the heavy stone against the entrance, and Your body is sealed inside.

•

Your tomb reminds me, my beloved

Saviour, of the thousands of tabernacles in which, locked behind a little door, You have chosen to remain on earth for love of me. In these tabernacles You remain through the long hours of the day and of the night, often as if buried, because there is no one to come and keep loving watch with You. How unmindful I have been of Your constant presence not far away! How countless have been the days on which I have never thought of stopping in a church to give You a few minutes of My time and a few words of my love. From the tomb in which You were buried, I now turn to the tabernacle where You await me, and I promise that each day of my life I shall return to thank You for dying for me, to love You for living and remaining on earth for me, to beg You for the graces that will enable me to persevere in Your love forever.

Young Priest's Blessing for His Mother

Now all the songs are sung, save ours,
Save ours, and ours we kept,
Against this day when you have wept,
And smiled, and wept again,
Until I think it some refrain
That mothers have to mark the hour
When sons, in consecrated power,
Come down to bless;

"Oh, may the blessing of the Three
Who made thee, hallowed, bled for thee;
Who did immortal soul full thrust
Into this poor Adamic dust,
Be on thy head and in thy heart,
And be thy heritage and part;

And may the burden of our song,
When all the songs are sung, save ours,
And all the hearts are claimed, save ours,
Find echo in the Heart of God."

Francis M. Lee

Interview With Lillian Roth

All who have read the best-selling book, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," know that Lillian Roth, a Jewess, was once a famous actress on Broadway and in Hollywood, and that she became an almost hopeless alcoholic. Then, with the aid of Alcoholics Anonymous, she emerged from the depths of alcoholism, and sealed her come-back by becoming a Catholic. Here is how she appeared to Father Klyber, also a convert Jew, in a recent interview.

Arthur B. Klyber

AT dinner in New York a couple of months ago, Burt McGuire, the husband of Lillian Roth, and I were discussing many things, but chiefly his amazing wife. Burt, by the way, is a good-looking Irish-American, about forty years old, affable, unquestionably sincere, a good conversationalist, and a man you can like easily.

"How is Lillian's book selling?" I asked.

"Wonderfully," said Burt, shaking his head with apparent amazement. "To date, about 200,000 copies have been sold, and the book is still going at the rate of 5000 a week; it is about to have a reprint."

"It's a remarkable book," I mused.

Burt agreed, and added: "Gerold Frank, a senior editor on the staff of *Coronet Magazine*, had a hand in its editing, and has come to realize that there is more in the story than sensationalism and printer's ink. 'Burt,' Frank said to me; 'the hand of God is in that book.'"

Maybe it is better to say, "The hand of God is in Lillian's life." I had been enjoying a visit with the McGuires in New York where Lillian had agreed to speak at a Communion-breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria on February the 6th. "I will be in New

York at the Stanhope Hotel February 4 to 6; I am flying in to speak at a Communion-breakfast at the Waldorf," Lillian had written to me. "I must confess I'm at a loss; for though I do speak here and there, I do not feel eloquent enough to talk to Catholics so well versed. Do pray for me that I say the right thing."

As it happened, Lillian did not fly in, but arrived on a train whose heating system had broken down en route. This left her with a really bad cold, and deprived her of hours of precious sleep which she couldn't seem to make up. So, suffering her miserable cold, and stuffed with anti-histamines almost to "dopiness," she was strongly inclined to cancel the scheduled talk; but her uprightness and her sincerity before God won out over the cold.

"I was going to call it off," Lillian told me, "but when I reflected that, sick or not sick, I would have come to New York to appear on the Ed Sullivan show tonight, I felt it would be wrong to allege that same illness as an excuse from the breakfast-talk." (Her appearance on the Ed Sullivan show had been postponed from February 6th to March 6th.)

From Burt I learned that on the morning of the 6th, the day set for the talk, his wife roused herself pain-

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fully from a much-needed rest to get to a six-o'clock Mass and to receive Holy Communion. Later that morning she made her appearance at the Communion-breakfast. That's Lillian, in case you were wondering.

In anticipating a visit with a quondam alcoholic and much-married celebrity like Lillian Roth, a man couldn't be blamed for wondering what she would look like—she whose life for some years before her conversion was much like a horror-movie. She had come out of a hell of alcoholism and out of the hopelessness of spiritual meandering. What had alcohol done to her? Had its ravages left permanent scars even exteriorly? Had the many mental and physical beatings by an apparently respectable but half-crazy husband unfitted her for ordinary society? Had she come out of it a hard, "wise-guy" type of woman?

No damage was evident as I shook hands with her at her suite in the Stanhope. Instead I faced a charming woman who in the course of our conversation candidly and unsolicited announced her age as forty-four. Yet, Lillian's appearance gives the lie to her age, and that too, almost without make-up. She is still beautiful, with a kind of beauty, I think, that only maturity and spiritual suffering can create. Her charm and warm personality win you over at once; you feel much at home with her. Does some of that charm emanate from a delightful fusion of girlishness and mature womanhood?

Lillian Roth is definitely young in heart: so young, in fact, that she is able to attract and hold teen-agers and young men and women, but unintentionally. Once when she was on a show in the same New York spot

where Julius La Rosa was playing, this attractiveness was exemplified in an unusual incident. After the show, as she emerged from the club, she noticed a small group of young people standing with cameras poised for a picture:

"May we have a snapshot, Miss Roth?" they asked.

Lillian answered: "You want Julius La Rosa; he'll be out shortly." Then she said to Burt: "Come on; let's get away from this."

"No, it's you we want, Miss Roth," said the young people.

Ever since, these Jewish youngsters have been her self-constituted "fan-club;" they "fan" the drooping enthusiasm of night-club managers or bookers into engaging Lillian Roth for their floor-shows; and Lillian takes it all in good humor, seemingly unbothered by their omnipresence and importunities. I think they call themselves "the Rothytes."

On the Sunday night of my visit, the McGuires were to entrain for Buffalo and from there to Boston where Lillian had show-engagements. I was astonished to learn from Burt that these young people were actually going to follow her to both of those cities!

As Burt and I were drinking our tea that evening, I said: "I wish I could have had more time with Lillian. I have a lot to talk about."

"Yes, I know," said Burt apologetically, "these kids follow her everywhere. This afternoon they 'phoned to ask her to let them come to the hotel for a visit, and although we had planned the time for just you and Lillian and me, poor Lillian couldn't say no to them."

Popularity, loads of fan-mail, and a forthcoming MGM movie to be

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based on Lillian's life-story, have left her unspoiled. She is just a humbled, contrite woman, grateful to God for His consideration of her.

"I don't deserve all this honor and attention, Father," was her honest complaint, "after all I have done..."

Lillian, you needn't be troubled; glamorous glory doesn't hurt people who are afraid of it.

Her disdain of swank and showiness was evidenced once in this amusing incident told me by her husband. Burt had been urging her to buy a new coat. "You know you have not had yourself a new one in a long time; why not treat yourself to a mink?" Well, she did. Then one day, a friend (or was it just an acquaintance?) gushed: "Oh Miss Roth, that beautiful mink coat you are wearing! and those earrings! what dazzling and expensive jewelry you have!" "Do you like them that much?" she asked as she began to remove them. "Here they are; you can have them; they cost me only about a dollar."

Her faith seems to be a warm counterpoint of Burt's own inherited and revived faith. Teresa Mary is the name she chose at her baptism. She seems to be enjoying her new-found religion more than anything else in her checkered years. When her dear mother lay dying, Teresa Mary sat by her day and night, praying for her, and wishing for her the happiness of heaven which she hoped to win for herself. She told me laughingly that in the excitement and mental confusion of those last hours with her mother, she baptized her four times! Well, at least one of these must have been valid, and her mother received it with full awareness of mind. We have reason therefore to believe that Mrs. Roth is in heaven in the company of

the great Jew, Jesus, whom she at long last recognized as her Messiah. How good God has been to you, Lillian.

Nevertheless, the moment of Mrs. Roth's actual passing drove her daughter to distraction. Lillian at that moment lost only her head, but not the two great gifts that meant most to her, her faith in Jesus and in His Church; and her staunch resolution never to touch liquor again. Over the teacups, Burt told me of his own misgivings as he observed his wife in her heart-breaking hereavement and heard her talk disrespectfully of God to the priest in attendance.

"I thought that now surely she would collapse and take to drinking again to find oblivion from her misery. The nurse came in with a narcotic hypo and a shot of whiskey—which would Mrs. McGuire prefer?—for she just had to take one of them to regain some composure. Lillian absolutely rejected both of them, and lived out her agony of soul with the help of the Christ whom, deep down, she adored and trusted without question."

Now, Teresa Mary McGuire is by no means ready for canonization; nor does the writer want to produce the impression that she is. She would hurry to tell you about her weakness and her sins. Her life-story, *"I'll Cry Tomorrow,"* and her appearance on *"This Is Your Life,"* have overglamorized her, as such things have a way of doing. Some of the unfortunate people who write to her seem to regard her as an expert marriage-counselor, a competent psychiatrist and a father-confessor. Still it does seem that God has decided to make good use of her amazing victory over the apparently unconquerable vicissitudes of her life, for the heartening of similar sufferers who think that all is lost. And poor Lillian tries to answer all

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the letters: "I answer about forty a day," she said. She can't say no.

Lillian's position as a Jewess who is now convinced that the Catholic religion is the legacy of her own people, and that Jesus is the long-promised Messiah of the Jews, has had its repercussions among some of her friends. Her change has left many of her Jewish friends stunned; it has made others do some hard thinking; and has drawn from still others rancor. None of them, however, can question her sincerity, and, as much as I am aware, none of them have questioned it.

One of the Jews engaged in preparing the movie of Lillian's life for MGM said proudly to her: "Wait till you see how nicely I'm doing the religious part of the picture."

With a small degree of wonder and impatience, Lillian told me that among her Jewish friends and acquaintances, those who seem to have the least real religion in their hearts have been the most violent and unreasoning critics of her conversion. But as for Lillian herself, all this makes no inroad on her faith, perhaps even is an occasion for strengthening it. She is above-board, and not in the least apologetic

about the religious step she has taken. Having found in it everything that she had wanted even subconsciously, she now, like most other converts, wants to shout to the world about it.

Lillian, now Teresa Mary, you have already shouted your victory and your happiness to an amazed public; and have been, in God's hands, an apostle of light and strength to many. So it will continue to be. When your big MGM life flashes across the technicolor screens of our land, your "silent" voice will be heard again by millions; and they will wonder and think, and maybe pray, as you did through weary months and years. Maybe too, your people, my people, the Jews, will take notice again, and begin to consider that after all, perhaps the Jesus whom we adore is their very own of whom the prophets, David and Isaiah, spoke in ancient days.

We love them, and don't hate them; we have not separated ourselves from them by accepting Jesus the Anointed One as the Messiah, but in a deep sense have come even closer to them. We wish them prosperity and peace in our land and in every land; and we pray that with us they may see the land of the living in the "age to come."

Epitaph

Missionaries do not acquire grey hairs or wrinkled brows worrying about what admiring friends will carve on their tombstones, yet any apostolic-minded priest would rejoice that his labors were recorded as being one hundred per cent successful, states the *Bengalese*.

A missionary's grave in the Pacific Islands has a monument with a curious epitaph in verse. The tribute states that when the good Father set foot on the island, there was not a single Christian to greet him; but when he left it for a better world above, there was not a single pagan left to be converted. The epitaph follows:

"When first he came to this far land
No Christian souls were there to find;
When called at death to Heaven's strand
No pagan souls were left behind."

How to Be Humble

Everybody needs a meditation now and then on this most important of virtues. Read this one with a prayer for the gift of humility.

Francis M. Lee

THERE was this seminarian who always said that the one thing he was proud of was his humility. The remark was pretty sure of a grin.

When the masters of the spiritual life deal with humility, there is not much grinning. St. Augustine takes us down, down; "If you ask me which is the first virtue that we must practice, I will tell you it is humility; and if you ask me the second, I will tell you it is humility; and if you ask me the third, it is humility."

Whereupon we well begin to wonder where we are in our feeble attempts at a spiritual life. If humility is one, two, and three, then we hasten to name ourselves zero. Which is a wonderful place to begin in this virtue that is so dear to the heart of God.

Frankly, humility is knowing what you are, and acting like it. To act humble for any other reason, save out of this self-knowledge, can be sheerly disgusting. The Pharisees of old used to deck themselves out in sackcloth and ashes, proceed to an intersection of streets somewhat comparable to Chicago's State and Madison, and there, amidst much blaring of horns, drop their pennies (from a meditated height) into the brass jars of the poor. Our Lord Himself resumed their case:

"They have already had their reward."

Their self-effacing action proceeded from no conviction that they were miserable, unworthy sinners, deserving not even to live. They wanted only to seem humble. They did, and that was

their pitiful reward. They looked good.

So, humility means, first of all, knowing what we really are, and secondly, acting as though we knew it. Neither idea is very palatable to a human being; both ideas seem to be entrancing to the Son of God, in that she who is called Virgin most humble could woo Him from His heaven.

St. Bernard it is who takes us by the hand in the first step of our descent into the cool caverns of humility. He poses the three classical questions:

"What were you?"

The unnecessary dust and slime of the earth, mute and meaningless during forgotten centuries, unheeded by the animals that lived and died and rotted above us. Thus our bodies, and such their hapless chemical antecedents. Our soul has an even less stirring history.

It came from nothing.

It was gratuitously snapped into existence by a kind God, Who wanted us to be conscious, thinking, loving persons, instead of just nothings.

"What are you?" It is St. Bernard's second question.

We live along in that God-given gift of soul and body. But we cannot even make it work without His continual power and protection. He must safeguard us from the millions of germs in the air about us; He must keep that heart pumping blood throughout our bodies. If our brain is seriously injured, we may suddenly

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become a nothing on the human scene. Wherever we have arrived in our business, social, family, school, and religious life, we have arrived by God's continuing gifts.

In His Own words; "Without Me, you can do nothing."

In a sense, even a statue is more independent of its maker than are we of God. The artist can carve the statue and go home; his creation will stand there for years. But if the Artist Who made us ever went back, so to say, to His heaven, we would collapse dismally and completely. Honestly, we can write out the word "gift" and tag it around our necks. No wonder that St. Paul, after taking a long look at ourselves, could cry out:

"What hast thou, oh man, that thou hast not received, and if thou hast received it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not?"

There is one exception in all this. God must power us for everything, and He does, but He still stands back when it comes to human sin. Here we make our God-powered action a blank, negative thing. We tear a hole in God's good cloth. We slash across the beauty of God's plan for what our actions should be, and we are suddenly less than the beasts, for they, at least, do not sin.

"What shall you be?" The last question of St. Bernard.

Physically, a mass of corruption which no one, even our most beloved, would want to, or be able to approach. In seventy-five or a hundred years they shall all forget how you talked, how you laughed, how you walked. You are a quaint picture in somebody's album.

And spiritually what shall you be? Even when the Son of God chose twelve, one failed Him, sold Him out,

and dammed himself. St. Paul again strikes the warning note:

"He that thinketh himself to stand, let him take heed lest he fall."

So there, my friends, are we. Not much to raise a statue to. But there can be something mighty pleasant in walking about the cool, authentic landscape of humility. We can sort of quit acting for a while, and get away from the horrible lie that is pride. And pride is one pitiful lie. Whom do we fool by our strutting through life as though our gifts were our own? We can hardly fool ourselves, unless pride has so blinded us that we practically think we are God, and have gifted ourselves. That was the first sin ever committed, pride, the pride of the angels, and the Supreme God was so disgusted that He broke them across the rocks of hell forever. And we can hardly fool anyone else, since they all know whence we received our gifts and abilities, — from the same Source as they. Finally, we can hardly fool God, for after all, he donated the gifts. Whom do we fool by pride?

We have all seen a room that has been freshly swept by a broom. The air in the room seems innocently empty, but if you would lift a shade and let in the sun, suddenly there comes alive the giddy dance of thousands of tiny particles of dust in the air. It is our giddy dance, we meaningless particles of dust without a face or a name until the shade of obscurity is flung up, and we gain a place and station among existing things only because we catch and reflect the light of Existence Itself.

Still the point of humility is not just that we are mere dust particles; rather it is that in relation to God we are such lowly, helpless, dusty things. If there were no God, and the most important thing in the universe were a

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particle of dust, we would be an equal among our peers. But there is a God, and humility insists that we stay low because Someone Else is so high. St. John the Baptist said it of the young Christ: "He must increase and I must decrease."

The ascetical writer, Scaramelli, draws a fine picture here, and withal, a rather comforting one. He speaks of the beauty of a rich, green valley, resplendent with flowers, shrubbery, and trees. He remarks how the valley owes its loveliness to the mountain at whose base it nestles, protected from the harsh elements, fed with the bounteous springs from above. But, he says, let the valley forget whence it derives its beauty; let it, in some cosmic pride, raise itself above the mountain so that all the world can see its splendor, and very soon, its flowers and plants have withered away, and it has become so cold and aloof that even the animals fly from that place.

And thus is the relation set up by humility between God and us. So long as we know our place, and graciously accept His gifts as His gifts, we nestle at His Feet, protected by His power, fed by the streams of His grace. Enter pride, and we are so overcome by our talents and charms that we forget that they are borrowed; up the side of the mountain we surge, to be met and spurned by that imperial cry of old, "Who shall be like unto God?", and down we clatter, hurt and beaten, and we lie there prostrate on the ground. Don't move. Humility comes from a Latin word that practically means "on the ground." Stay there and think it over.

We may note here that there is a false humility that can force us into a lie. The fact is that we all have certain talents and accomplishments, and per-

haps, once in every blue moon, someone compliments us on our finer moments. It is not humility to stand there and tell your complimenting friend that he is a bald-faced fibber, and that you really cannot play the piano, just after you have flawlessly run through a Bach or Beethoven. Not that one might put it in such words, yet the point is evident; it is not humility to deny a God-given gift. Humility is ever truth.

The Mother of Christ did not hide her great Gift when the Magi came to adore. She held Him high and let them stay on their knees. Can we imagine Mary deferring, and simpering that she had not really borne the Desired of the Nations? She was beautifully proud of her Gift, but she never forgot whence He came.

If a mother might work for some six months to embroider and applique a lovely cloth-of-gold scarf for her daughter, the girl might justly wear it with a lilt. But let us now imagine that the young lady puts on her scarf and goes walking down the avenue, where she meets a girl-friend.

"Oh what a beautiful scarf! Where did you get it?"

The moment has arrived. Will the young lady share the glory or will she hog it?

"Oh, I made it myself."

And she falls right through the pink cloud. Suddenly all the beauty is gone for us. We are slogging in the putrid swamp of pride. Couldn't she realize that the fact that somebody loved her enough to spend six months of work on that scarf was like a halo, a crown of love over and above the scarf? Sure, girl, wear the scarf, you look beautiful in it, but never forget where it came from.

Such is our daily life. All of us can

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do something well, all of us have some talent, gift, accomplishment. Wear them well, don't hide them, you won't need them in eternity. Use them now. Use your abilities, and warmth, and love, and humor, and personality, everything. But don't ever forget where it all came from. Don't forget that your God loved you enough to trust you with them; don't think you did it by yourself, or you will destroy the crown of God's love that is a perennial halo over and above each gift we have. In the Book of Apocalypse, the twenty-four Elders wear their crowns and sit upon thrones. When the Lamb appears, they dash their crowns to the ground, and fling themselves down in adoration. Wear your gifts well, yet ever be ready as the twenty-four of the Apocalypse to bring yourself and your talents to earth before your God. Such is humility—down to the ground before the Omnipotent One.

And don't feel too badly about it. The Omnipotent One daily wears the creature raiment of earthly wheat upon your every altar. How well can He say:

"Learn of me, because I am . . . humble."

So the picture takes form. God and ourselves on the scales. As He told St. Theresa, "I am Who am, you are who art not."

And now, how about the others? Our friends, neighbors, acquaintances, those with whom we live out our lives? How does humility counsel us here? St. Philip Neri provides the perfect attitude. He and a young companion were walking the city streets, and they saw a criminal being led to the gallows. The young man murmured his disgust, and offered that the victim was about to receive

his just deserts. St. Philip looked at him.

"There, without the grace of God, goes Philip Neri."

Dear heavens, how true for us all. If the criminals in our prisons today had had half the training, enlightenment, opportunities, not to mention the grace, that we have spurned, they might be walking saints. The good thief may have been a pretty bad individual, but as far as we know, he took the first chance at heaven he ever received.

The Christians who stood around at the stoning of St. Stephen may have been tempted to despise the young Saul who held the garments of the stoners. Yet, in God's mind, he was to become Paul, the hallowed ambassador of Christ. We never know. St. Bernard points up and enlivens our attitude toward others thus. He says that if we are about to go through a rather low doorway, we size it up, and are careful to keep our head at least an inch below the top frame, so as not to crack our skulls. He then suggests we treat the world the same way. Size up each person, and when you have them all sized up, keep your opinion of yourself one inch below your opinion of them. It may save your skull, your virtue, and your feelings all.

In these lines we have thus far been dealing with the first aspect of humility, knowing what we really are. As to the second element, namely, acting as though we know what we really are, there are positively no tricky approaches. The only way to knowledge is the rocky road of study, and the only way to humility is the rockier road of humiliations. The saints sought them out; we must at least not turn them out. Humiliations await us in the very mechanics of our living; the menial tasks, the thankless tasks, the less than

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glamorous tasks of taking care of babies, of agreeing with a boss who may know less than we, of being quite wedded to a domestic or business situation that makes impossible the dreams we once had of being at least President of these United States.

And very often, in the lives of the great and the small, a burning, staggering humiliation can tear away the final scales from our eyes. We reach our spiritual point of no return. We bow and move on to God. Or, perhaps, with blinding tears, we reassert our shredded dignity, and climb back into the empyrean niche which our pride had carved out, and from which a kind God has torn us for His last time.

All the nice things that our better selves would like to be, kind, just, pure, courageous for the good and true, are like so many flowers in a lovely garden, flowers without any roots whatsoever, unless humility be their common root. And if there be not humility, if there be not that burrowing into the ground and crying our helplessness to God, then our justice will surrender to the demands of popularity and gain, our purity will wither in the heat of temptation, and our courage will be that of the summer patriot.

St. Catherine of Genoa put it all so perfectly in speaking of her own faults.

"These are mine, O God, these are my fruits, but I have cut myself down to the very roots, and I shall not stir save by Thy Grace."

But now it is time to turn to Mary. If an angel of God would come down

and tell one of you mothers that your boy was someday to be the Holy Father, the Pope, we do not know just what might happen to your humility. But an angel of God did once come to a young girl and ask her to be the mother, not of Christ's Vicar, but of the Son of God Himself. Every young Jewish girl had been praying and sighing for that awful privilege, and finally it came this day to Mary. And that day we saw humility a living, breathing thing, alive in the heart and on the lips of this young virgin. Raised to a throne beyond the sun and stars, forever to be called mother by a God, and her answer was:

"Behold the servant girl of God."

Nobody said humility was easy. Even our Lord Himself, hinted that it would take a bit of study. "Learn of me . . . because I am humble." But if ever the humiliations seem too much, if ever we are tempted to dally with some choicer morsel from the flesh-pots of pride, go outside and look up to the stars, and remember that if Someone had not loved you enough to give you life and the gifts that make life livable, then you would be unknown, as unloved, and as unremembered as the thin air through which you gaze.

'Lucky' is a fond American word. Then you are lucky, lucky to be alive, lucky to have that immortal soul, to have your faith, to have your brain, to be loved, to be eating, to be walking on two feet, and to have your God waiting for you at the end of it all.

Only God could love the proud, only God could want to, and pride means that we won't even let Him.

Small Opinion

I thing the angels must frequently stare
At people who don't seem to know where
They're going or what they'll do if they get there.

LGM



For Wives and Husbands Only

Donald F. Miller

Should Babies Be Taken to Church?

Problem: Should we or should we not take small children or babies to church with us on Sunday? Some pastors are very impatient with young mothers when their babies create a disturbance in church. But sometimes we cannot get to Mass or to other services ourselves unless we take the babies along. Is it better to stay home than to take the baby when this cannot be avoided?

Solution: That this question has been seriously considered is evident in the fact that most new Catholic churches being built today have what is sometimes called "a crying room," i.e., a place behind glass in the rear of the church where mothers with babies can hear Mass without fear that the crying of the babies will disturb priest or parishioners. In bigger churches the room is even equipped with a loud-speaker so that the mother can hear the sermon.

This is a wonderful solution to the above problem, but does not help mothers whose parish churches have no such room. For them, circumstances must be deciding factors in this matter.

First of all, as to obligations: mothers who have very small babies or children who they know will be restless and noisy and unmanageable in church, and who on certain Sundays have no one to stay at home with the children while they go to Mass, are excused from the serious obligation of attending Mass on those Sundays. However they have an obligation to try ordinarily to see that there will be somebody who can stay with the babies while they go to Mass. With the best of will, though, occasions can arise when this cannot be arranged.

If a mother has found by experience that she can take, say, a child under two or three to church, with little danger that the child will disturb others, her conscience would tell her that this is surely the thing to do when there is no one to stay at home with the child. If on a rare occasion the child does become noisy, she can retire with it to the vestibule. In country parishes, where there may be only one Mass on Sunday, we have often seen mothers and fathers with a whole string of children from seven down to a babe in arms at Mass, with scarcely a sound out of any of them. Some parents seem to know how to train children, even the youngest, to behave in church. They and the children will certainly be blessed greatly by God for their family worship of Him.

If a mother does come to church with a small child, and in the middle of the sermon it begins to wail loudly, she should not wait for a reminder from the priest, but should at once take it to the vestibule. It is not prudent or charitable to let the child's loud crying compete with the words of the speaker and for the attention of the congregation.

KNIFE-CURE

Even in the jungles of Brazil there is the curse of alcoholism. But it is also sometimes cured, thank God, as in the unorthodox fashion of this true story.

Joseph Elworthy

CHICO was there at the bedside of his dying father. First I heard him rather than saw him. An old man with a pointed gray beard lay on the wooden cot. It was noon, and the tiny room with whitewashed walls was crowded. There was no window; the feeble light even at that hour came from a small transparent tile in the middle of the roof. The air was heavy with the odor of hot human bodies and of death. All was still save for the raucous breathing of the dying man. The scene was typical of many that I had seen in the interior of Brazil.

I was leading the rosary: "*Ave Maria, cheia de graca, o Senhor e convosco...*"

The dying man's family was large and filled to overflowing the tiny room. Came their low murmur in response: "*Santa Maria, Mae de Deus, rogai por nos pecadores...*"

One voice in particular stood out from the rest, and even to my untuned Portuguese ear there was a peculiar quality of emotion gone wild that indicated a man in his cups. Without pausing, I stole a look at the culprit. It was Chico.

I saw a young man, a scraggly beard partially covering his face. His skin was a deep unnatural red; his eyes were half-closed and bloodshot; his body was weaving from side to side as he knelt, half the time on one knee.

When the old man had passed away, Chico followed me unsteadily

back to our three-room rectory, babbling away tearfully in what was to me incomprehensible Portuguese. That was not the last I was to see or hear of Chico.

Chico, I was to learn painfully, was the town drunk. Though a young man in his late twenties, he had an unquenchable thirst. Cachassa, a potent brew from sugar cane, cheap and easily obtainable, was Chico's weakness. An old rule says one should not drink in the tropics before sundown. Chico had possibly never heard of it. At least he ignored it.

It was no uncommon sight to see him staggering down the dusty path they called a street, a straw sombrero on his head, a troop of dead-end kids following him with derisive shouts. Chico in the long years of his drinking had come up with one very definite characteristic. It might be explained as an aggravated nervous tic. Whatever it was, Chico, when "under the influence," would shake his head slowly from right to left and then with a shudder he would seem to peer over his right shoulder. Since his sober moments were few, Chico's head was seldom still. The little Amazonian ragamuffins who dogged his unsteady steps were quick to tag him: "*Olha o Chico duvidoso!*" "Look at doubtful Chico."

Francisco Bezerra Rodrigues, as he was entered in the baptismal and marriage registers of the old parish church, was, strange to say, the town's one and only bricklayer. An old mas-

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ter bricklayer from far-off Portugal had spent some months in the little town by the Amazon, and Chico, as his helper, had picked up the trade Drunk or sober, Chico could make a straight line with the bricks. That is, when he could stand up.

He lived with his wife in a delapidated mud hut just behind the sacristy of the church. Many a time our evening services were interspersed with his drunken brawls with his wife. Many a time on leaving church in the evening we would find him sprawled in the dark, unable to propel himself a few steps farther to his humble home.

Often I reproached myself with having assisted at his marriage a year before on a short visit to this town. I didn't know Chico then. It was a year later that I came upon him alongside his father's dying bed.

His wife didn't like Chico's carry-on as one can imagine. From time to time, her disgust would reach the breaking point and she would pack up her few belongings and be off to her mother's. But always faithful, after a few days she would come back to the mud hut and the turbulent life with Chico. She explained her way of acting to me: "Padre, I married Chico of my own will, and my place is with him."

His mother liked his disgraceful drinking no less than his wife. In my mind's eye I can still see her urging her faltering Chico up the slight incline past the church to his home. Her voice was shrill, and at times her prose was purpled with choice epithets, but, alas, her son was in a stupor and heeded not a word of the maternal advice.

Like a true Brazilian, Chico was an orator. After a swig or two of *cachassa*, he would stand and deliver

himself of an impassioned speech in favor of the present political administration or against the party of the opposition. At times we would hear "*Padres Redentoristas*" or "*Americanos*" come into his speech. We never knew for sure whether it was in praise or blame, but Chico was friendly enough in his few sober moments, so we had no complaint.

Once when he was "high," he climbed a rickety ladder on the outside of the church-tower. It carried him straight to the cross that crowned the pinnacle. Mounted thus, he began to orate, and to the horror of all below, he made violent gestures with both hands. It was evident that falling from the church-tower was not to be Chico's fate, for somehow or other he descended safely from his lofty perch and pulpit.

Came a day when a great quiet descended upon this Amazonian town. The word traveled fast even without benefit of telephone. Chico had had another fight with his wife. This was serious. She was with child, too. The first report was that both were in the tiny hospital conducted by the American sisters. It seems that Chico, while drunk, had proceeded to beat his wife. She, fearful of her condition, had grabbed the first thing at hand to protect herself—a machete. One blow of this stopped Chico, almost forever.

In a few minutes I had a chance to see Chico. He was all blood—it was actually squirting from a deep cut in his throat. There was mute fear in his bloodshot eyes. I thought immediately of the jugular vein. Chico's chances to survive this seemed pretty slim. There was no doctor within 250 miles, almost a three-day trip down the river in the fastest boat.

But there was Padre Francisco, newly arrived from the States with a

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six months course in medicine tucked away in his mind. Here was a chance. He rose to the occasion and, with Sister Jane Frances, he sewed the two-inch cut in Chico's throat.

It was touch and go for a while. For days he and his wife had no words. But they did make up, and before Chico left the hospital, he solemnly took the pledge, A stroke of luck that knife in his wife's hands! It cut his thirst!

•

Should you by any chance visit this town on the Amazon and climb out of your boat onto the long, rickety, wooden wharf that stretches into the lake, you will come upon a little store on the right as you enter the main street. A narrow gangplank leads the prospective customer from the wharf to the "sales" room, an area some six by ten feet. A few wooden shelves hold some tins of beef and milk; boxes on the floor have salt, sugar, rice, raw coffee beans. In a corner where any stray hungry dog or cat can pick itself a lunch, you'll see a pile of dried or salted fish, and the foul-smelling skins of alligators. From the rear, curtained off from the store by a dirty piece of cheap cheesecloth, you can hear a woman humming to herself as she goes about her household chores, with an occasional shout to her four noisy offspring, playing around her feet.

In the store you come upon the owner, who sits on a box and leans against the crude shelves. A home-made cigarette dangles from his lips, and from time to time he gives orders to his general manager, a ragged, barefoot boy of some fifteen long summers, to pile the dried fish here or to weigh out on the makeshift scale a *kilo* or two of rice or sugar or whatever the patient customer may desire.

After the morning rush, the owner takes his wide brimmed but shapeless straw hat and his chair and sits with his fellow business men on the shady side of the street, sipping coffee much of the time, and endlessly discussing local politics, the price of rubber and Brazil-nuts, the rise and fall of the river.

In the afternoon he varies the routine to this extent that he carries his chair to the other side of the street to avoid the blistering afternoon sun.

And who might this prosperous merchant be? You've already guessed it. It is our old friend, Chico. No, he no longer drinks. For five years he has been the model husband, son, and father. Only once in a great while does he shake his head, as if in doubt, and the pause he gives as he looks over his right shoulder makes one imagine that he is looking at a ghost long vanished.

A Song for Lent

Now fasting with rigor
Is good for the figure,

So be cheerful about it
And don't ever doubt it,

There's nothing comes near it
In shaping the spirit.

LGM

Pre-Marriage CLINIC

Donald F. Miller

Is Keeping Company with a Non-Catholic a Sin?

Problem: I am a Catholic girl just out of high school, and I am going steady with a boy who is not a Catholic. We often talk about marriage, but I always tell him that I would not marry anybody but a Catholic. His answer is that this is not important because he believes in God, reads the Bible, and would not interfere with my bringing up our children as Catholics. I have often thought of asking him to become a Catholic, but don't know how to go about it. I don't want him to think I pushed him into it. Is it wrong for me to continue to go steady with him?

Solution: If you could be counted on to cling steadfastly to your determination not to marry a non-Catholic, and either to succeed in getting him to take instructions in your faith or to give him up, then there would be nothing wrong in continuing for a while to go steady with this boy. The trouble is that the longer you go with him the more apt you are to find yourself deeply in love and to forget about the importance, for your future happiness and salvation, of marrying someone of your own faith. Therefore you should take action at once in seeing whether he can be led into the true faith.

You make a great mistake (like many young people) in thinking that it is just a matter of asking him to become a Catholic. He cannot intelligently consent to a request that he become a Catholic while he as yet knows little or nothing about your faith. Since he has already talked about wanting to marry you, you should approach the subject of religion somewhat in this way: "You want to marry me. But I am determined that I shall never marry anyone who does not have the same religion that I have. I am a Catholic and I am convinced that the Catholic religion is the one true religion. Some of my reasons for this conviction are these. (Give some of your personal reasons for being a Catholic) — But I cannot rightly teach you everything about my religion myself, nor can I ask you to join it unless you understand it fully. Why not let me introduce you to a priest, and have him give you a course of instructions? You will be under no obligation to the priest or to me to become a Catholic — that will be up to your own conscience after you know what it is all about."

If after an approach like that, he is still unwilling to take instructions and learn more about your religion, I would say that, being still a teen-ager, and with plenty of opportunity ahead of you to make other friends, you should feel yourself seriously bound in conscience to give him up rather than continue on the road to an inevitable mixed marriage.

A Good Act of Contrition

Michael H. Pathe

* * *

No penitent need worry about his sorrow for sin when he goes to confession, if he has these simple truths in mind.

* * *

CONFESSIO continues to be a bugbear to many converts. One natural reason is because it constitutes such a complete reversal of all they had previously believed. Another is the ever present fear lest they make mistakes in the telling of their sins. And yet another cause for anxiety is the doubt that constantly assails them concerning the making of an act of contrition.

Every wise confessor understands and appreciates the first difficulty, and does all he can to assist and reassure his penitent. Only common sense and a proper appreciation of God's goodness can allay the fears that arise from the second difficulty. But special interest must be shown toward those whose trouble pertains to the act of contrition.

Let us imagine we are talking to a class of converts. We have come to the lesson in the catechism that deals

with sorrow for sin. We had previously meditated on the malice of mortal sin, and we understood clearly that this is the greatest evil that could happen in any human life, because it deprives the soul of that sanctifying grace which is the soul's spiritual life. It is a rebellion against God's law. It jeopardizes one's eternal salvation. No misery that could befall a man or woman could even begin to compare with the tragedy consequent upon mortal sin. For "the wages of sin is death"—eternal death—hell.

Now the only way in which a sinner can remedy this evil is by sorrow and atonement. No sinner can be forgiven unless he repents of his misdeed, and atones for the harm he has done. The expression of this repentance is what we call an act of contrition. The atonement is what is called penance. We have already studied the Catholic doctrine of the Divine institution of confession—the sacrament of penance. Let us concern ourselves now exclusively with the terms of an act of contrition. The simplest way to deal with this matter might be to examine the words which constitute the prayer which all Catholics say as part of their confession.

"O my God, I am heartily sorry . . ."

We are addressing God — the Supreme Being — the owner of our souls—the master of our lives—the author of all grace—our Saviour and our Judge. He is the one who has been grievously offended by our sins. It was to Him we gave ingratitude in return for love. We fully recognize that there is only one way in which we can blot out the harm we have done, only one way to prevent the punishment we have deserved. We come to God and say — "O my God, I am heartily sorry." It is hardly necessary to say that this must be, above all else, a sincere avowal. We cannot

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bluff. "I am heartily sorry" means that this is not an empty expression on our lips, nor is it a mere form that we have learned from a prayer-book. It is—it must be—a truthful acknowledgment of what is in the heart.

"I know all that" is an objection often heard, "but the trouble is I can't feel the sorrow I express." Let us not permit our feelings to disturb us. Because we cannot feel the sorrow, because we cannot cry—does not lessen in any way the sincerity of our sorrow. This is a story. They say it's true. A little girl came home from Sunday Mass and told her mother that she was never truly sorry for her sins. The mother asked the reason for such a statement. The little girl said:

"The priest told us this morning that we should be more sorry for our sins than for any other evil that could happen to us. Now, when my daddy died I was so sorrowful I cried. There was a real pain in my heart. But when I go to confession and tell my sins I can't cry, and I feel no pain."

The mother saw the child's difficulty and said to her:

"Tell me, would you be willing to commit a great sin if by that you were sure you could bring daddy back to us again?"

"Oh, no!" answered the girl, "I certainly would not."

"Don't you see," said the mother, "you are more sorry for sin than for the terrible misfortune that came to us by daddy's death?"

No confessor makes little of your feelings, but every confessor wants his penitent not to make too much of his or her feelings. And that's just what we do when we doubt the sincerity of our act of contrition because we do not feel right about it.

"... for all my sins..."

There should be no need to explain

these words. We are truly sorry for all our sins or we're not sorry for any of them. Trying to exclude the pet sin from our sorrow is trying to say to God—"I'm sorry I offended You this way, but I'm not sorry I offended You that way." In this deal it's definitely all or nothing.

"... because by them I have deserved hell and lost heaven—but more than all, because I have offended Thee..."

Here we are telling God what motivates our sorrow. After all, it is the motive of any act that characterizes it as good or bad, acceptable or to be rejected. Of course, no matter how good the motive may be, it can never justify an action that is bad in itself. For example, the care for a wife's health, or the anxiety for the education of a child, while good motives, can never justify the practice of artificial birth-prevention.

But the motive in a good action may be either natural or supernatural. Thus, in sorrow for sin one can regret the evil that brought misfortune on him or on his family. That can be real sorrow, but it is purely natural. In confession, and in our act of contrition, we must have a higher motive for our sorrow. We call that motive supernatural because it pertains to God and to our eternal salvation. "Because I have lost heaven, and because I have offended God." After all, if someone offends you and then comes to ask your pardon and says to you, "I'm sorry for what I have done, not because of the harm I have caused to you, but because I lost my job on account of my cruelty," you would not accept such an apology. You see then why the motives of our sorrow for sin must be supernatural.

"And I firmly resolve, with the help of Thy grace, to confess my sins, to

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do penance, and to amend my life." ..

This is known as the purpose of amendment. The act of contrition will stand or fall on the sincerity or duplicity of these words. They mean this, and simply this, that right here and now I am truly sorry for what sins I have committed—I do not want to sin again—and I shall try, by prayer and the sacraments, to avoid sin. If there is some occasion, some person, some place, or other material thing that it is almost impossible for me to meet or visit or use without committing sin, that occasion must be either removed or remedied. Thus, if a person cannot use alcoholic liquor without getting drunk, his purpose of amendment means that he will give up the use of alcoholic liquor. If going to a certain place means going for sin, that place must be avoided. If a friendship for a man or woman constitutes a continuance in sin, that friendship must hereafter be discontinued. It wasn't friendship in the first place.

It's this way. You cannot put your fingers into the fire and hope they will not be burned. You cannot put a lighted match to paper and expect to avoid a conflagration. The removal of a proximate occasion of sin from our lives is made easily possible by the grace God gladly gives us through constant prayer and the frequentation of the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist. The resolution to avoid sin is not enough. We must also have recourse to the means that are intended to make that resolution effective.

When the doctor comes to diagnose your physical trouble, and says you are suffering from pneumonia, and prescribes certain medicines, you know that your cure depends on your obedience to his commands. When a physi-

cian advises you that certain foods are dangerous to your health, you wouldn't be so rash as to continue eating those foods. The Divine Physician comes to you when your soul is sick and weak and in danger of eternal suffering, and He prescribes a medicine which He knows will cure you. He says to you, "Come to Me. I will refresh you. I will make you strong to overcome temptation. I will help you to avoid sin. I will enable you to bear the burdens of your married life bravely. I will strengthen and protect your love. I will assist you to break that bad habit."

Those who heed His invitation are happy. They are conscious of the fact that they are trying to serve God, that they are trying to sanctify themselves, that they are trying to save their souls. A saint is but a sinner who never quit trying. Those who do not heed His call are forever complaining of their defeats in the battle against the world, the flesh and the devil.

The last big worry of earnest souls is that if they fall again into sin their confession was not good and their act of contrition was not sincere. Of course there is such a thing as confessing a sin with the intention of committing it again, or with no determination to give up voluntary occasions of sin through which one will surely fall again. In such cases, the contrition would indeed be insincere, and insufficient for forgiveness. But if at the time of confession a person is truly sorry for all his sins, truly determined to avoid them and their occasions, then if through weakness he falls later on, this new fall does not make his past confessions bad. In the very act of contrition he promises "to confess my sins," which means that he will quickly come back to confession if he has the misfortune to fall again.

Problems of Professional People

Gift or Graft?

Problem: Is it wrong for a politician to accept a gift from a person for whom he has done a favor in his political capacity—for example, from the man whom he has appointed to the police force or from the contractor whom he selects to build a new school?

Solution: This question is frequently asked by persons holding a public office that brings with it the right to confer some form of political favor. The practice to which it refers undoubtedly plays a large part in American political life. In some places it is the accepted custom for those who have received a "plum" from a civil official in the form of a desirable job or contract to express their gratitude to the politician who bestowed it by presenting him with a substantial "gift," usually a sizable sum of money. And the politician innocently inquires, as he pockets the roll of bills: "Why can't the man give me a gift, if he wants to show his gratitude?"

The joker in this question is the word "gift." Certainly, if the person who has received a job or a contract from a public official wishes to manifest his appreciation of the favor in the form of a gift to the one who selected him, there is nothing wrong in bestowing it, provided it is a real gift. But, as Shakespeare says, "there's the rub." Often the so-called gift is simply graft, a sum of money to which the politician has no more claim than a criminal has to the ransom he demands from the wealthy man whose son he has kidnapped. In both cases there is a sin of extortion.

The civil official in question has a duty to distribute jobs or assign contracts to those applicants whom he sincerely believes most competent and worthy. This is one of the tasks for which he is receiving a salary. He has no right to any more remuneration when he appoints Joe Valiant to the police force or Mamie Bigbrain to the high school faculty. If these fortunate individuals voluntarily and spontaneously give him a box of cigars or a necktie or a book, he may accept it, at least as far as God's law is concerned. But whether or not they have given him or will give him anything to show their appreciation for the job or contract they have received, he is bound by God's law to appoint the most deserving person to a vacancy. If he makes the appointment in consideration of a sum of money or other benefit donated by these individuals he is guilty of extortion, a sin against the law of God: "Thou shalt not steal."

In other words, once a "gift" becomes a necessary condition for a political favor, it ceases to be a gift and has become graft. This is what takes place when a civil official lets it be known that no one will get a contract from him unless he "kicks in" with five percent of the profit, and no one will be appointed to the police force or the fire department unless he makes a "gift" of \$300 to the benevolent official who bestows the appointment. The fact that such customs have become common in our country does not make them lawful in the sight of God. Those who have used their political power to enrich themselves in this manner have been guilty of a sin against the seventh commandment, and are bound to restore the money by which they have become richer through designating as a gift what actually was graft.

Very Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R., S.T.D., LL.D.

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That Old Time Religion

A description of some of the elements that have contributed to the formation of the religious sect called Baptists, some of whom are devoted to what they call "that Old Time Religion."

John E. Doherty

ONE of the most popular revival hymns goes thus: "Give me that Old Time Religion, that Old Time Religion. It's good enough for me." This Old Time Religion is but another of the variant forms of American Protestantism and as such is really not so old after all, nor has it proved good enough for most American Protestants, especially those who have gone to college. More often than not, they despise and disdain it, and the Old-Timers in turn react violently against the liberalism that infects the more liberal Protestant sects.

The Old-Time faith seems to be forever dying in some moribund sect, but it always comes to life again in a new and often ludicrous form. However it should not be underestimated. For, in spite of its unreasoning conservatism, it is far more loyal to the Gospel of Christ than the liberal groups which disown it, and it takes no prophet to foresee that it will still be vigorous when these have translated their faith into a vague naturalism that only passes for Christianity.

"It was good for the Hebrew children," the hymn declares. "It was good for Paul and Silas. And it's good enough for me." These words are also highly misleading, for our study shows little resemblance between the Old

Time Religion sects and the worship of the ancient Hebrews, much less that of Paul and Silas. What is meant by Old Time Religion is evidently Bible Religion. The adherents of this faith apparently look upon the Bible as a book dropped down from heaven, already translated into the King's English, correct and infallible down to every dot and comma. They oppose new translations and, in fact, one minister stood before his thronged congregation and actually applied a blowtorch to the newest standard Protestant translation of the Bible.

They make the Bible their sole rule of faith, but they also insist that they can understand its meaning without the help of any authority or teacher, and it is their fondest boast that they will have no mediator between themselves and God. Yet they naively ignore the fact that, when they make the King James Bible the whole of their religion, they have already accepted a long line of mediators between themselves and Divine revelation, including not only the original authors of the Bible, but all redactors and translators from Saint Jerome in the first centuries of Christianity, through the monks of the middle ages, down to the English King and the commission he appointed to render it

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in our own language.

Such rugged individualism in religion leads them inevitably into the crudest errors, yet the Bible can and does supply the elements of true religion. It is after all, the word of God. Where there is no other source of revelation it alone has led religious souls to noble heights and even to a true mysticism. An example of this is Abraham Lincoln, who belonged to no Church but educated himself with the Bible, and, in spite of deficiencies in his faith, became the most Christ-like character among our presidents.

Unfortunately for this type of faith, man is a social being, and as such is ordained to worship God not only as an individual but in community. Thus it happens that when Old Time groups are not absorbed into established Churches, they become easy prey to Bible or fundamentalist movements, pressure groups, revivalists, fanatics and downright quacks. Hence, depending on who sings the words of the hymn, the phrase "Old Time Religion" may mean anything from fundamentalism to the Ku Klux Klan, from the Pillar of Fire Church in Montana to the Four Square Gospellers of Los Angeles, from the Snake Handlers of Tennessee, to the Mennonites and River Brethren of Pennsylvania, and an infinite variety of others, only some of whom we can hope to identify.

In its simplest and most ingratiating form, this faith is found in the hills of North Carolina. For the mountaineers here, The Holy Land of the Bible is a strip of land just on "t' other side of Ashville." The Biblical characters "from Abraham to Bethsebee" walk the hills anew and are identified among their neighbors. The meeting-house, where there is one, is a plain log-cabin, but more often the

pulpit is a kitchen table, the minister anyone who can read the Bible, and his hire is likely to be a plug of chewing tobacco.

The form of prayer-meeting is very simple, for these are plain people. There is little liturgy and less ritual; and worship for the most part consists in passing the Bible and testifying; yet their decorum would put to shame many a fashionable congregation. On the other hand, reverence is a natural characteristic of the people and need not be religious. Thus, a Presbyterian minister once knocked on a cabin door in these hills and opened it to find five men surrounding a kitchen table reverently bent over a book. He apologized for interrupting the prayer-meeting, but the host interposed. "Shucks, parson, this ain't no prayer meeting. The Sears-Roebuck catalogue just arrived."

Novels and plays sometimes catch the flavor of such Bible groups, but Archie Robertson, a traveling journalist, has made a thorough study of them and gives unforgettable descriptions. Brought up a strict Baptist in Kentucky, he lost his faith during his sophomore years, but in maturity he made a visit to the Holy Land and came back to the United States with a nostalgia for the Old Time Religion. He sought it in the Carolina hills and was directed to a mountain cabin, the home of Sister Snyder. When he entered, the Bible was being passed among the dozen men and women who had gathered. They now rose and sang the hymn: "There's an All-Seeing Eye a-Watching You." As they sat down, Robertson quickly picked out the all-seeing eye behind the thick glasses of a tall farmer on the other side of the room. The all-seeing eye immediately proposed that the stranger read a text of the Scripture. Robertson

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obliged by stumbling through the passage of St. Paul to the Corinthians on charity, and then gave his impressions of the Holy Land. The mountaineers were not overly impressed, but one lady said kindly: "That Paul writes purty."

Now the Bible passed and the brethren witnessed to their faith, each standing up and telling what the faith meant to him with deep, terrible earnestness, as if each sentence cost him pain, directing his words feelingly to Christ. The pastor sidled up to Robertson and suggested that seeing so much high society religion might have unsettled him.

"Sometimes," he told the stranger, "it comes by easy stages, sort of. Just listen and you'll hear."

"What?"

"The Holy Spirit," said the parson.

Finally, a visiting brother prayed for the stranger in mountain style. He knelt in a kind of squat, bowing down and slapping the floor: "If there be a stranger in our midst that has been to far, distant, holy places, and has heard The Call, O Lord, let him not hide his light under a bushel."

If this is the Old Time Religion, it would seem to be a part of the Baptist movement, for, unlike other Protestant sects, the Baptists are not really a Church but a movement, fed by several contributory groups. In the beginning they were known as Anabaptists, but they have no single founder, though they began in Europe at the time of the Reformation. When Luther let loose the Protestant idea, it was clearly enough the principle that religion was entirely a personal matter and that all one needed was a Bible which he as an individual could understand for himself. This meant that Protestants should reject what Cath-

olic tradition had brought down to them through the centuries and all authority in religion. While the great reformers preached this, none of them, least of all Luther himself, kept to it; for all of them, in varying degrees, erected their churches on Catholic foundations. To effect uniformity of belief, either they themselves, or their followers, moreover, were quick to lean on the authority of princes. No doubt they were driven to this by the example of the Anabaptists and forced by them to realize to what anarchy their own principles would lead. The free Churches and Baptist sects were the ones that followed out the idea of private interpretation of the Bible consistently, and from the beginning they were the outlaw sects.

In Switzerland, for example, where the reformer Zwingli held sway, they declared in the face of fifteen hundred years of tradition, that infants could not be baptized, and that unless a person were immersed completely he was not baptized. They defied other Protestants and unsettled their consciences by rebaptizing almost everybody who came to them. The others, who were in the majority, retaliated and made short work of them by the ironic execution of drowning them.

In Germany, while Luther was still alive, another group of the Baptists arose and scandalized the country by indulging in free love and communism. They professed to be a gathered community waiting for the end of the world. The Lutherans saw that it came to them swiftly.

In England, a third group kept pace with the English Reformation in characteristic fashion. While other Puritan sects submitted to the authority of the British crown in matters of external worship, not so the Baptists. They cried: "Come ye out, and be sep-

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arate," and became known variously as Separatists, Independents, or "Come ye outers."

From these countries and others, various Baptist sects came to these shores and began the tradition known as the Old Time Religion. Today the Baptists form the largest Protestant sect in the country, but in the north most of them are indistinguishable from other groups, Calvinistic in origin, such as Congregationalists and Presbyterians. Exceptional are the isolated sects which doggedly retain their old world customs, and these are islands of conservatism in the stream of contemporary, secular Protestantism. But it is in the deep South known as the Bible Belt that the Baptists have been formed into the pattern of blind conservatism known as the Old Time Religion, and the forces which gave them a distinctive character among us are highly illuminating.

Baptists, like other Puritan groups, were strongly affected in the early days of this country by John Calvin's doctrine of predestination. The Puritans divided all people roughly into the saved and the unsaved, according to their founder's teaching that God elects certain ones to be saved and leaves the others to the devil. Highly educated Congregational and Presbyterian ministers were able to put this doctrine up in imposing if not convincing theological terms, but Baptist preachers need have no formal education and never have gone in much for theology as such. Theirs is an inherently practical faith and they were among the first to jettison this stultifying concept in favor of common sense.

Nevertheless, the Baptists have never been prone to release any belief once they got their teeth into it, and

there are some Baptist groups who are still convinced predestinarians. These are called Hardshells, anti-Missionary, Whiskey Baptists, etc. They resist nearly all movements initiated by other Baptists and even oppose the use of lightning rods as an attempt to frustrate God's will. They are far from quiescent, but are usually fighting for lost causes and as a result are highly unpopular. But a Hardshell minister explained it to his congregation: "There's an election always going on in heaven and you're chosen. So that should console you for the elections you lose down here."

Another religious controversy among the Baptists concerned, of all things, singing in church. As a whole, Protestants have an enviable tradition of hymn-singing, and some scholars claim that hordes of people were sung out of the Catholic Church during the Reformation, not by doctrine but by excellent hymns. Yet the Puritan tradition was one of protest against figured music and harmonious singing, and the Baptists characteristically protested loudest and longest. To this day some Baptist groups in the South use nothing but plain chant, and one of their favorite hymns sung at backwoods weddings goes like this:

"When Adam was created
He dwelt in Eden's shade,
As Moses has related
Before a bride was made.

He had no consolation
But seemed as one alone,
Till, to his admiration
He found he'd lost a bone.

This woman was not taken
From Adam's head we know,
And she must not rule o'er him,
It's evidently so."

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In the eyes of the conservatives, the next step in the breakdown of plain religion was the organ controversy. The trouble was that Puritans, not without reason, looked upon the use of the organ and other such pandering to human nature as papist in tradition. It was a long time before this instrument could creep into plain meeting-houses in the north and, as for the deep south, the only thing to arrive among some Baptist groups so far is the zither. Congregations split on this one issue of using the organ and an old farm ballad echoes the sentiments of an anti-organ sister, undoubtedly a Baptist.

"I've been a Sister good and true
For five and twenty year,
I've done what seemed my part to do,
And prayed my duty clear.
But death will stop my voice I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day I to church will go
And nevermore come back.
And when the folks get up to sing
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A-squealing over me."

The big issue which definitely and irrevocably split the southern Baptists from their brethren in the north came up at the Civil War and was that of slavery. Before the crusade of emancipation reached south, Negro slaves worshipped in the same churches with their white masters, and the latter were able to justify themselves to their consciences by quoting texts from the Bible. Indeed, they were so successful that it was thought un-Christian to question the right of white men to own black slaves. In this regard the minutes of the Forks of Elkhorn Baptist church in Kentucky, taken in the year 1820, are

illuminating. They show a congregation running its own affairs in Baptist fashion and excluding members for flagrant offenses. One, "Brother Edward Roberts, is excluded from this church for playing fives and for offering to bet one hundred dollars." Another, "Mr. Asa Bolls Caty, is excluded for the sin of adultery." The third was a converted Negro slave, Sister Esther Boulware's Winney. It was charged that "She had never believed that any Christians kept Negroes a slave, and that she believed there was hundreds of white people wallowing in Hell for their treatment of Negroes—and she did not care if there was as many more." She also was excluded.

Northern Baptists' were sparked into the crusade by such powerful voices as Emerson, Whittier, Garrison, Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe with her *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The Yankees freed the slaves but they were notably unsuccessful in converting their southern brethren to their own vision of Christianity.

Today, Negroes in the South are still Baptists; indeed the Negro and African are among the largest of Baptist groups, but they worship in their own churches and woe to the "uppity" Negro who presumes to worship in the same bench with a southern white "brother."

Such efforts to impose morality from the liberal north have only driven the southern Baptists into greater reaction and into a resentment that smoulders bewilderingly through the South. Its pervasive and corroding force is illustrated by a revival story which is only partly humorous. At a revival in the deep South a very successful preacher had moved all his listeners to "come through" and "hit the sawdust trail."

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One sweet old lady stood on her chair, straining against his powerful oratory, her eyes closed, teeth clenched. The preacher came up to her. "Sister," he asked, "haven't you come through yet?"

She shook her head.

"Don't you love everybody?"

She opened her eyes. "Everybody except the damyankees."

"Amen, Brethren," cried the preacher. "Halleluia. She's through."

Meanwhile other sects of the Old Time Religion, not especially affected by the slavery issue, had dug in around Lancaster, Pennsylvania. These were usually Baptist in origin, and the most picturesque are the Mennonites and the Amish, while the River Brethren and the Dunkards reflect the zeal of the faithful to have elbow room and plenty of water in which to be thoroughly baptized. The River Brethren go totally under three times in honor of the Trinity, and it is very probably to this sect that President Eisenhower referred when he spoke of himself as a member of a fanatical Protestant sect.

Mennonites are survivors of the Anabaptists of Switzerland, and they get their name from their founder, Menno Sims, an apostate priest. Sims was a strong advocate of plain, Bible religion, but he bequeathed many practices to his followers which are a protest against secularism in religion rather than anything else. Hook and Eye Mennonites and No Button Baptists wear clothes without buttons, but the reason is not to be found in the Bible, so much as in the fastidious dress and ornamented buttons worn by the worldly in Sims's day. After his death his followers discarded some of these peculiar customs but the sect was reformed by a rigid fanatic named Jacob

Ammon.

Today around Lancaster, the Amish are the ones who demonstrate the strictest Mennonite ways. They wear long beards, broad brimmed hats, "broad fall" trousers, prayer caps and veils; they worship in barns, refuse to use farm machinery, choose their ministers by lot, etc. Rigorously severe, they do not hesitate to shun a backsliding brother, but, like most of these externally rigid sects, their sex morality leaves something to be desired, for they encourage the immoral practice of "bundling." Such sects usually take a dim view of alcohol, but the more lenient of them are not above taking a little wine on Saturday night for their stomach's sake.

One Biblical custom emphasized by many of these Baptist groups almost as much as baptism itself, is the ceremony of footwashing in imitation of Our Lord's washing the feet of His disciples.

An Episcopal dignity traveling through Lancaster country was informed of the importance of this ritual by one of the brethren newly returned from the fields.

The farmer sat down by the bishop, who was trying to compose a sermon. "We believe in footwashing," he said belligerently, "Do you?"

"My dear Sir," answered the Bishop, "we not only believe in it, but we insist upon it."

The term "Old Time Religion" is often applied to sects of plain people with an Old World heritage and also to some of purely American origin like the House of David. Nevertheless, one episode more than any other has fixed it in the popular mind in connection with the southern Baptists; this was the world-famous Monkey Trial in Dayton, Tennessee. Taking place in the year 1925, this trial not only

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dramatized the extreme conservatism of the Old Time Religion but also the Biblical schizophrenia then beginning to beset almost all Protestant groups.

In keeping with their own tradition of faith in the Bible alone, most American Protestants had committed themselves to a blind, literal interpretation of the Bible. Lacking any other authority, they chose to base their faith on a use of the Bible which was nothing short of Bibliolatry. Now a two-pronged attack threatened their faith, one from Darwinian scientists who made extravagant claims about evolution, the other from their own theologians who had entered into an orgy of higher criticism of the Bible. Many of them had already solved their plight by giving up their blind faith in the Bible, but the southerners solved it by burying their heads in the sand.

As for the trial itself, the issue was very simple. Fundamentalists had made a law forbidding anyone to teach evolution in the schools, but liberals from the north prevailed on Johnny Scopes, a high school teacher, to break the law in order to test it. There could be no doubt of his technical guilt because the law was there and he admitted breaking it. Yet within a few days the courthouse at Dayton was the scene of a judicial circus. It ended up with a complete outsider, Williams Jennings Bryan, on the witness stand, and another outsider, Clarence Darrow, subjecting him to a withering cross examination on the meaning of texts of the Bible. Under the sceptical scorn of this brilliant agnostic lawyer, and the fascinated eyes of newspapermen from all over the world, Bryan explained how it was that snakes walked before they crawled on their bellies.

It was typical of the Old Time Religion that Bryan, a magnificent orator and perennial candidate for President

of the United States, but with no special competence in the study of the Bible, should have offered himself in such circumstances to expound its meaning. His exegesis was by no means ignorant or unsound, but he got nowhere because the mood of prejudice had already set against the Old Time Religion.

Put up in a limerick, prejudice against the Old Time faith even won a nation-wide contest in England:

"If we take the Daytonian mind
As an average of man's, I'm inclined
To ask, not if man
With a monkey began
But if monkeys descend from mankind."

Lost in the confusion of the trial was any distinction between an ancient and perfectly legitimate theory of natural growth called evolution and the false claims of Darwinism. To the popular mind evolution meant only Darwinism, and that in turn meant simply that man was descended from a monkey. As a result the effect on the faith of many Protestants seems to have been devastating, while the trial had no discernible effect on the Bible beliefs of the Old Time Religionists.

Since then the religious climate in the nation has changed, another war has intervened, the atomic bomb has blasted Hiroshima, and the winter of fear has descended on the land, bitter and cold and without stars. Thus many American Protestants are groping back with nostalgia to the position of the Old Time Religion, but it is doubtful that they will ever arrive at the Bibliolatry which marked their faith before this era.

To Catholics this drama was extraordinarily revealing, since Catholics are also fundamentalists, and they

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too, revere the Bible as the word of God and know that it is without error in its correct version. Yet the theory of evolution has never posed a problem for Catholics. The reason for this is easily explained. In the Catholic faith the Bible is but part of Divine revelation, the whole of which is handed down within the Church and is known as tradition. In the light of this living tradition the most obscure passages of the Bible come to life and take on meaning; yet it was clear that by contrast, Protestants had been using the Bible as a dead book and had made no attempt to understand its meaning in the light of Catholic tradition. Had they done so they would have realized that the theory of evolution need not contradict Divine revelation, for they would have found that the greatest commentators on Sacred Scripture, such as St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, had proposed the theory of evolution many centuries ago, and that Catholic monks and priest-scientists, long before Darwin, had sought out and discovered signs of evolution.

While Catholics are distinctly aware that there are difficult passages in the

Bible which, according to Holy Writ, "the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction," it is the authority of the Church which is the greatest safeguard both against eccentric individualism in using the Bible and the excessive liberalism that would seek to destroy it. It is unfortunate that the followers of the Old Time faith are afflicted with an extreme bias against the Catholic Church, for it was the Church's authority which produced the Bible they love, and the same authority will preserve it.

What the Catholic Church asks of the Old Time Religionist is only that he give to the Catholic faith a fair hearing. He would surely find more sympathy with his views in the Catholic Church than in the ranks of liberal Protestantism. In the Church his conscience would be respected, his Biblical distortions would be tempered or corrected, but his zeal for the fundamental meaning of the Bible would be honored and encouraged. He would find in a word that the Catholic faith is an old time faith also, indeed, in the proper sense, it is "The Old Time Religion."

Spreading Yourself Around

The great business of life is not to get and hoard, but to learn the fun in seeking and finding and then to give away that which you have laboriously acquired. Every time you give something away, you spread yourself around—until far and wide your very influence is planted, like the deeds, to grow and flower long after you are forgotten.

All life is a giving up. Some of the things that come to us are very precious and we feel that we would be all lost if they were to leave us. But if we give them up gladly to make others happier or to make the world a better place in which to live, then we really grow by the process, and aid our own fulfillment.

Give up—and make it a habit to do so. There is no other habit that is able to give you so many thrills, so much genuine happiness.

Madonna Magazine



readers retort

In which readers are invited to express their minds on articles and opinions published in *The Liguorian*. Letters must be signed and full address of the writer must be given, though city and name will be withheld from publication on request.

St. Louis, Mo.

"Up to now I thought I was a pretty fair Catholic, but I can no longer think this after reading the article in THE LIGUORIAN, 'How to Go to Hell With Dignity.' First of all, I can't agree with your stand on the colored. I see it this way. There is more chance for a boy to marry one from his own parish than one from across town. If we put the colored in this boy's parish, he is taught to play, pray, live, learn and eat with them. I have three daughters and one son and I dread to think of the day when I may have half-black and half-white grandchildren. So I cannot bring myself to welcome the colored to my neighborhood, my church and my school. Each to his own, I say. The second thing I disagree with in your article is what you say about birth-control. I love children and am thankful for the four we've got, but we just do not have room for any more in our three-room apartment. So we are practicing birth-prevention. So I guess we're on the road to hell. Dignity or not, we're on our way. I see no reason for kidding myself, so just cancel my subscription to THE LIGUORIAN and send any copies due to me to somebody who cannot afford it but would like to receive this book. (How's that for dignity?)

D.J.H."

One cannot help but be deeply saddened to read such letters as the above. The problems that have been turned into obstacles to living as good Catholics could so easily be solved in the light of eternity, and with the all-powerful graces of Him Who asked His followers to take up their crosses daily and follow Him. The dread of dark-skinned

grandchildren (a very remote possibility) cannot nullify Christ's definite command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And the temporary lack of roomy living quarters might be a reason for the practice of rhythm until better can be found, but will be, like every other, a sorry excuse on judgment day for habitual violations of God's law concerning marriage. May God's grace help this man and his wife to see that only in loyalty to Christ can their home be at peace.

The editors

Johnstown, Pa.

"In reading the December LIGUORIAN, I was shocked at the answer you gave to a letter on white and colored mixed marriages. How can you condone a colored person's marrying a white person? And you say that the Catholic Church does not prohibit such marriages! Does the Catholic Church encourage them? What is the Church coming to? I believe that colored persons are human and have just as much feeling as white people, but what about the children of such marriages? I cannot understand your attitude on this delicate matter, and I believe the Church should take a firm stand on it as it has done on other matters, and say 'white for white and colored for colored' where marriage is concerned. Otherwise I feel that the sacrament of marriage will become no sacrament at all.

J.W.L."

What is the Church coming to? you ask. It is coming to nothing new in regard to race relations. For nineteen hundred years

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she has maintained that all human beings, regardless of color or race, are children of God, redeemed by Christ, destined for heaven. Her gifts and her sacraments are bestowed on human beings as human beings, not on one race in preference to another, nor with discrimination in any form. The Church urges prudence in the choosing of partners for marriage, based on the foreseeable difficulties that a particular kind of marriage (such as a mixed racial marriage) will have to face. But she cannot and does not make any essential distinctions between classes or races of human beings.

The editors

Notre Dame, Ind.

"In regard to your stand on right-to-work laws, look up this text in *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pope Pius XI; 'Moreover, just as inhabitants of a town are wont to found associations with the widest diversity of purposes, which each is quite free to join or not, so those engaged in the same industry or profession will combine with one another into associations equally free for purposes connected in the same manner with the pursuit of the calling itself.' I think unions come under this statement. For that reason I think you are wrong in denouncing right-to-work laws and favoring compulsory unionism.

T.E.L."

This quotation, taken by itself and out of context, does not give a complete view of the papal teaching on unions. Pope Pius XI taught that combining in unions is a natural right of workingmen, that it is often a necessity to prevent exploitation, and that both the state and industry are bound to protect workingmen in the exercise of this right. If it can be proved, as we think it can, that only through union shops can this right be truly protected and made effective, then it is also proved that the principles of the union shop may be traced back to the encyclicals. It is interesting to note that the above quotation is found in that part of the

encyclical of Pope Pius XI that deals with the establishment of vocational groups or industry councils. It is followed by this sentence: "Not only is man free to institute these unions that are of a private character, but he has the right to adopt such organization and such rules as may best conduce to the attainment of their respective objects." If this whole passage is to be applied to labor unions at all (which was not its prime intent), then the sentence we have quoted would seem to authorize union-shop set-ups.

The editors

Canton, Ohio

"When I read your 'right-to-work' article I was so angry I later tore up my letter of response to you. I hate letters written in temper and, besides, I hoped the article might have been a 'one shot' idea. Having watched your pitiful attempts at defense in subsequent issues, however, and now seeing your February issue, I feel I am just out of patience and tired of your whole attitude. I refer to your 'Beliefs of a Catholic Workman' on Page 81. Please understand that I will always defend your right to your own opinion (even as I have mine) and the principle of freedom of the press. It is simply that I feel that those freedoms, like all others, carry most serious responsibilities—one of which in your case, is to refrain from useless meddling in affairs which are none of your business and to stop your socialist-tinted babblings which will give the all-too-eager bigots even more fuel to add to their anti-Catholic fires. Since I don't actually know the qualifications of your reporters, I can only suspect that they are no more qualified to circumspectly interpret and evaluate labor-management problems than I, an electrical engineer, am to write a medical prescription just because I've been in doctors' offices many times. They don't even think things out completely. Can they, in imparting religious justice to compulsory unionism, picture Our Blessed Saviour plant-

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ed (with picket sign) across my office door, forbidding me entrance to make my family's living just because I don't belong to a union? When you learn that a somewhat significant amount of the Church's financial support comes from members of the apparently hated management—as well as labor—you will have learned a quite practical and not immoral lesson. Then, perhaps, you will stick to religious questions as your salesman erroneously led us to believe you would. Cancel my subscription at once.

T.C.S."

We are led to suspect that this correspondent has not read the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII or Pius XI, or else that he considers them, too, to have been "meddling in affairs that were none of their business," or giving vent to "socialistic-tinged babblings." Not that we claim that all our specific interpretations of papal encyclical teaching are unanswerably certain; but we do forcefully maintain that the topic of social justice is one to be discussed in Catholic magazines. And our interpretations are not thrown out at random, but given against a background of many years of study of Catholic social teaching, and much practical experience with employers, good and bad, and unions, good and bad.

The editors

Kansas City, Mo.

"THE LIGUORIAN is the most highly regarded publication that comes into our home. I have read with intense interest your articles and Readers Retorts on the subject of labor-management relations. Although my occupation does not bring me directly into a management-status my opinion in the past has been heavily slanted in favor of management. The ideas and attitudes expressed in THE LIGUORIAN have led me to modify those opinions to a considerable degree, so that today I find myself in almost complete agreement with you on the subject. However I should like respectfully to suggest that your editorial position neglects

an important phase of industrial relations, viz., labor's duty to management. You have mentioned on occasion that an employee has a moral obligation to render full and fair service to his employer, an obligation that is just as serious as management's obligation to pay a living wage. In my opinion the two obligations should be equally stressed. In my experience, most employers criticize labor, both in the form of union groups and individuals, on the basis of the apparent willingness of a large minority of them to take all they can get in wages, but to do as little as possible in return. No doubt the problem is age-old, but there seems to be too much encouragement of that attitude today. Thus a series of articles on 'employee duty' would be of great value. After all, you must have more employees than employers reading your magazine.

O.E.D."

About a year ago we published an article entitled "Examination of Conscience for Union Leaders," that touched rather sharply on this point. We do see need for further articles in the same vein, and shall try to supply them.

The editors

Vevay, Ind.

"I would like to register a protest on the issue you stress so strongly of sending children to Catholic schools. If parents are reluctant to send their children in spite of threats of excommunication, there must be something very wrong with the situation presented to them, and it would seem only fair to try to remedy some of the drawbacks. If it is chiefly financial, as I suspect, ease up on the poor parents who are trying to do the right thing by their children but who feel that they are being coerced by an unfeeling, harsh, unjust authority. Let me mention my first hand experience with public and parochial education. I attended four different grade schools, four high schools and two universities. I attended only the seventh grade in a Catholic school. In that

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one year the following blows to my faith occurred, the effects of which I am still feeling: 1) I was humiliatingly slapped by a nun; 2) we were forced to go to confession every week; 3) I was humiliated by demands for raffle money, vigil lights, etc., which my poor parents could ill afford. On the other hand, all through public grade and high school, I was not ridiculed for my religion, was permitted to attend Mass on holy days, and did not encounter any anti-Catholic propaganda except such as I could readily recognize. . . . I think, therefore, that parents should be left responsible for the religious upbringing of their children and for supplying the good example they need to follow.

Miss A.H."

This good lady's very letter manifests the importance of a thorough Catholic schooling. Only a very uninformed Catholic can speak of the authority of Christ's Church, which commands parents to send their children to Catholic schools, as "unfeeling, harsh and unjust." It is difficult for the best of students to grasp, in one year of Catholic schooling, and that only the seventh grade, the full connotation of obedience to the Church as the mystical body of Christ. It is difficult, too, to be unhurt by the human episodes within the framework of obedience, such as are described here, unless one is thoroughly educated as a Catholic.

The editors

New York, N.Y.

"I have had the pleasure of reading your publication on various occasions when I was visiting the home of friends who were devout Catholics. It has already cleared up a number of questions about Catholicism that had been puzzling to me. I am a Jew and a Mason, and I have long been interested in studying various religious beliefs. One thing still puzzles me. I asked a good Catholic friend why the Catholic Church forbids Catholics to become Masons and

he could not tell me. Fellow-Masons have told me that the reason is that Catholics could not keep secrets (such as the ones confided to them as Masons) from the confessional. My friend did not think this was the right answer. But there must be some reason, because Masonry teaches belief in an everlasting God and does not deviate, as I understand it, from the teachings of any of the major religions. Can you give me an answer?

M.E.D."

THE LIGUORIAN has published two separate articles on the Church and Freemasonry in the past few years. These are now combined into a ten-cent pamphlet published by THE LIGUORIAN PAMPHLET OFFICE under the title, "Why Catholics Cannot Become Freemasons." We have sent the pamphlet to the above inquirer, and offer it to all who are inclined to ask the same question.

The editors

Geneva, N.Y.

"I noticed in your Readers Retort mention of 'adopting a parish mission plan.' This is new to me and I should like to inquire about it. I spent twenty months at Maryknoll, but was not deemed to have a missionary vocation. I am still very much interested in the mission field, however, and I was wondering if you could explain this plan to me. Is it too expensive for a parish social-religious club to handle instead of a whole parish? There are about one hundred married and single people in our group. We should be glad to do something if we could.

R.M.M."

The idea is this: There are many small parishes and mission stations both in the United States and abroad that are not financially able to support themselves, and that would have to be abandoned if help were not given from outside. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Maryknoll Fathers, and the Church Extension

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Society in Chicago, (1307 S. Wabash Ave.) besides many other missionary organizations, keep these poor parishes and mission stations going by contributions of money and needed supplies. Any help they are given for one such place, makes possible the giving of help to new parishes and missions. Thus, flourishing big city parishes, or even small groups within parishes, often take over a certain mission parish and supply it with all or a part of its needs. Write to any of the above organizations about your project, or to any missionary order, and your offer of help will be gladly received.

The editors

St. Louis, Mo.

"The article, 'How to Go to Hell With Dignity,' really struck home as far as I was concerned, and straightened me out on quite a few things. For this I say 'many thanks,' and I hope many others were helped by it as I was. I also want to commend the stand you take on the racial question. Let me say I am with you all the way. Parents are often to blame for instilling racial prejudice in their children. I can give you an example. My sister has olive-toned skin, and in the summer sun it gets really dark. When she was in the third grade one of her schoolmates said to her: 'I can't play with you because my mommy says we shouldn't play with Negroes.' We laughed over it but also realized what a terrible thing that mother had done to plant prejudice in a little child. Keep up your good work till all Negroes are recognized as human, and children of the same good God who made white people.

Mrs. A.E.M."

A good reminder to parents that they are guilty of a great sin if they teach prejudice to the little children whom God has sent them.

The editors

Toronto, Canada

"I have long been wanting to write and

compliment you on your straightforward articles, as I have found them always truthful and backed up by the teachings of Our Lord Jesus Christ. I am not a Catholic, but I do subscribe to THE LIGUORIAN. I also intended to answer some of the Readers Retort letters on the racial question, but after reading the reply of Mrs. P.A.M. in the January issue, I have decided that there is nothing I could add. She expressed my sentiments to a 't,' and the space you gave her letter was fully warranted. Keep up your straightforward way of presenting the truth.

L.A.T."

We thank this writer and the many others who have written to commend Mrs. P.A.M.'s letter in the January issue, which analyzed so well the effects of racial prejudice.

The editors

Scranton, Pa.

"For many years I have wanted to write to you about THE LIGUORIAN. I have a choice library of books, almost everything pertaining to a better spiritual life; but regardless of what I have read, nothing has impressed me more than THE LIGUORIAN. It is rather puzzling to me how any reader can take exception to what you publish in your amazing magazine. Words could not express the value of the monthly brush-up I get from reading it. I have often given thought to how I might be instrumental in helping to get it into the hands of all Catholics. I wish I could sell the idea that every new reader who gets acquainted with it should try to get three more subscriptions for it. I am enclosing three more subscriptions that I have gotten, added to those I have sent you before.

M.J.P."

This multiplication-of-subscriptions idea appeals to us very strongly. It is one of the easiest and least expensive methods of spreading the good word of truth.

The editors



THOUGHTS for the SHUT-IN

Leonard F. Hyland

No Monopoly on Pain

One of the greatest enemies to the peace of mind of a shut-in is the temptation to self-pity. In fact, whether in sickness or in health, when we begin to feel sorry for ourselves for any reason, we open the door to impatience, unkindness, and rebellion against God.

During Lent, which is the season of self-denial, particular efforts should be made by the shut-in against indulgence in self-pity. A sick person may not be able to do much in the way of mortification, but it is possible to all to make a real effort to be patient. The following motives may be of service.

First, let the shut-in reflect that he has no monopoly on suffering. Sickness is only one form taken by the cross. There are family quarrels and disturbances in many homes. Each day brings its bereavements into the world, often very sudden, and leaving the survivors in desperate straits. There are the poor and the hungry in the world; many, indeed, who never know what it is to have the pangs of hunger satisfied. There are misunderstandings, bringing bitterness and hatred, and there is mental trouble, a particularly heavy cross.

Indeed, to list all possible suffering, we would need an understanding of human nature itself, capable of so many twists and turns and quirks. True, by the sad experience of all of us, is the ancient Chinese saying: "Over no home can the sign be hung: There is no trouble here."

Shut-ins in their particular suffering have at least this assurance, that God's will is clearly indicated for them. They did not choose their cross, God chose it for them. It remains true, if they will only try to grasp it, that "in His will lies our peace."

As a second motive, and in line with the preceding, shut-ins should strive to understand that faith is not to be judged on the basis of whether or not it brings physical relief from their ailments. Religion is not an insurance policy; it is not a cure-all for sickness. Religion is the acknowledgement of our debt of service to God. It is certainly permitted to pray for relief from suffering. But let it be done with the realization that if God's plan is for you to suffer here and now, He will not grant a direct answer to your plea, but will hear your prayer by granting some more important grace. "Father, if it be possible," Christ prayed, "let this chalice pass from me." But He immediately added: "Yet not my will, but Thine be done."

Cheerfulness, patience, kindness: a shut-in who tries sincerely to practice these virtues is more of an asset than he dreams to his family, to his friends and to the world.

Teen-Agers and Dating

An explanation of why there must be reasonable rules, set down by educators, enforced by parents, and observed by younger teen-agers, concerning steady dating.

Ernest F. Miller

ONE of the first and greatest problems that arises for many boys and girls in their teens is the problem of dating.

It is a problem because most boys and girls feel drawn into a regular or a haphazard program of dating once they have become well established in their teens. They like to date. They want to date. They may never have dated before. Now it is different. Dating takes on the aspect of something sweet like candy, something desirable like vacation or a trip around the world.

It is a problem because not every girl can succeed in finding a date, and not every boy has nerve enough to ask for a date. And there are the jealousies and tears and hard feelings that follow on one girl getting all the dates because she is pretty and another girl getting no dates because she has freckles. If a boy is a star athlete and has good looks besides, the girls flock around him like bees on a flower. If a boy is small, wears thick glasses and cannot even ride a bicycle, he is accepted by the girls only when there is nobody else available. This promotes torture of a very acute kind.

Nor is the torture abated by the confusion that is cast upon the subject of dating by the young people's elders. The advance guard, the liberals, the love-lorn columnists of the newspapers, and pagans in general, see no harm in dating under almost any circumstances and at any time in life.

Foolish mothers, and strangely enough, some of them Catholic mothers, are of the same school. They give no opposition to their son and daughter "going steady" as though they were in their twenties. In fact they encourage this kind of dating. They are afraid that their beloved child will be left out of the teen-age social swim if steady dating is not permitted and encouraged.

On the other hand, sensible parents, teachers, priests and popes circumscribe *steady* dating with dire warnings and definite rules. And they give many weighty reasons for the stand they take. So, what about it? What is the right thing to do?

First of all, what *is* this dating about which so much noise is made and so many words are written?

You cannot find a definition of dating in the ordinary dictionaries that they hand out in school at the beginning of a new term. If you look up the word in the dictionary (there is such a word), you will read about fruit (an oblong, sweet, nourishing fruit, enclosing a single hard seed), and about calendars (the time of some event; a point of time), and about other things equally dry and dusty and having nothing to do with boys and girls. You will not see a word about dating or dates in the only sense that is of interest to a teen-ager with a heart in his or her bosom.

However, looking up definitions of dating in dictionaries is rather silly.

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Every intelligent teen-ager knows that dating merely means a boy and a girl going out with each other (having arranged the "date" ahead of time) in order to see a movie or to take a walk or just to sit in the park and chew on a blade of grass.

Dating is not associated with the members of one's family. Thus, a boy would be looked upon as odd in the head if he dated his sister or his mother. He may go swimming with his sister or dancing with his mother; but that is not dating in the strict sense of the word. The boy and the girl who date must not be closely related. This takes in uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces. How would it sound if somebody said to you, "Johnnie went out with his aunt Mary on a date." You would laugh not because Johnnie went out with his aunt but because we don't talk about such an association as dating.

One of the causes of dating is the fact that the boy and girl are attracted to each other, or at least are capable of being attracted to each other in a kind of attraction that is not to be found in any other relationship. It is different from the attraction that exists between a brother and a sister, a mother and a son, a father and a daughter. It is an attraction that makes the girl as helpless as a clinging vine and the boy as protective as a knight in shining armor. If this attraction is not present, the dating of a particular boy for a particular girl comes to an end.

Why should boys and girls in their teens be so interested in one another that they enjoy nothing more than going out together on dates? They were not always so interested in one another.

Before they arrived at their teens,

boys were primarily interested in boys and girls in girls. To a boy a girl was a delicate, troublesome, mysterious package, made up of curls and dresses, and uninterested in doing the only things in life that mattered, such as playing baseball, fishing in the river and kicking a football. Yet, girls were always getting in the way and spoiling a fellow's fun. And if he said anything to them to keep them in their place, they began to cry.

To a girl a boy was a boisterous, noisy thing who got his chief fun out of pulling girls' hair, playing with bugs and going around with an unwashed face. Boys were not very good companions because they saw no sense in playing with dolls and learning how to sew clothes.

Thus, for the first ten or twelve years of life boys and girls kept strictly out of each other's way insofar as such a quarantine was possible. When they were forced to come together by convention or parental command or the circumstances of the moment, they were ill at ease, and did not hesitate to hurl an occasional insult, give a sharp kick in the shins or drive the toes of one foot deep into the carpet on the floor or the dirt on the ground to show their disgust for the whole miserable business.

The gradual evolution of this feeling of antipathy into one of interest, respect and even affection is the work of God. God wants boys and girls to begin liking each other. Why? Because He wants men and women to do a very special work for Him, or rather to help Him in the carrying out of a very special work. This is the work of continuing the human race. This work can be done only through the mutual cooperation of a man and a woman. And this work is most difficult to do if it is not motivated by

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a deep love that a man has for a woman and a woman has for a man. God has to see to it that men and women fall in love with one another.

How does God work it out? By making men and women attractive to one another; in fact, by making men and women so attractive to one another that gradually a man may discover that he cannot be happy unless he shares his life with a woman; and the same with a woman in regard to a man. And so they get married. And so God's purposes are accomplished.

However, this mutual attraction seldom begins all of a sudden, say, when a boy or a girl reaches the age of twenty-one, without any feeble feelers of attraction starting to develop before that time. It starts slowly, at the beginning of the teens; it grows gradually, during the teens; it comes to full bloom when marriage and the merging of two lives are a definite possibility. Until it comes to full bloom, boys and girls are merely in the process of preparation for the eventual flowering of that great event. They are growing physically, mentally and spiritually. They are learning to appreciate the meaning of the love that can hold a man and a woman together for life and of the responsibilities that can flow out of that love. But by no means do they fully understand the meaning of love; and by no means are they ready to accept the responsibilities of love.

That is the answer to the question of why boys and girls in their teens are so interested in one another. They are approaching manhood and womanhood. God's scheme is beginning to operate. God is getting them interested in one another so that eventually they will be willing to work with Him in the perpetuation of the human race.

God permits that interest to grow slowly so that they can become thoroughly acquainted with the habits, points of view, weaknesses and strength of the opposite sex. God is clever, very clever, in so arranging things. If the plan is followed, no boy or girl will ever make a mistake, a fatal mistake when the time comes to select a wife or husband.

Now, it stands to reason that boys and girls cannot learn what they should about each other if they never talk to one another, if they never have anything to do with one another. It is not good for them never to have any thing to do with one another. They cannot destroy the attraction that they feel for one another. God put that attraction in their hearts. The most innocent and wonderful girl will feel it; and so will the best and the most upright boy. To bottle it up, to drive it to the bottom of the heart and clamp a lid upon it, as though it were some ugly spider or worm that could not be killed and so had to be locked up, is unhealthy, to say the least. Reasonable association of boys and girls, reasonable dating between boys and girls is not to be condemned and everlastingly forbidden.

The Catholic Church is not opposed to reasonable dating amongst teen-aged boys and girls. Her great concern is to safeguard the association so that it never becomes a source of danger and of sin rather than a source of happiness and good, as God intended it from the beginning. To this end she lays down certain rules, which are after all only the rules of common sense and right reason. All sensible and intelligent people agree with her in her rules even though some of these people may not be Catholics.

The first rule is that no teen-aged

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boy and girl, especially in the early teens, should allow themselves a diet of steady association *with the same boy or the same girl* all the time. This rule holds even though occasional mothers are found who say that it is a foolish rule and tell their daughters that they do not have to follow it. Perhaps they do not actually tell their daughters that the rule is foolish; but they give a very definite impression that the rule is foolish by tolerating the steady dating of their daughter by the same boy week after week and month after month.

The boy hangs around the house all the time, or visits the house on an average of three or four times a week, and the purpose of this hanging around and of these visits is to be in the company of the girl. Sometimes they are alone in a back room or the basement; at other times the boy mingles with the rest of the girl's family as though he were a member of the family.

And mother says nothing about it. She does not warn her daughter. She does not instruct her daughter. She acts as though her daughter were made of wood and not of flesh and blood and tendencies that are inclined to evil because they were twisted and turned in the wrong direction through the disobedience of the first man and woman upon the earth. She labors under the impression that her daughter is so good a girl that it is simply out of the question that so much as a bad thought should ever enter her mind.

Mothers like that have much to learn. They may be well educated and to a certain extent sophisticated and worldly-wise. But there are facts of life that they have not mastered. And one such fact of life is that even the best brought up girl is in danger if

she is allowed to go around constantly with the same boy so that she becomes as familiar with him as she might with her closest friend. It is almost inevitable that she become familiar with him; or that he become familiar with her. When that happens, it is too late for the mother to do much about it. Tears and regrets and recriminations and accusations and commands cannot bring back the past.

Mothers and fathers both should speak out clearly to the boy who is pursuing their daughter excessively and to their daughter who is being pursued excessively. They should point out that such a program of acting and living is jumping the gun a little bit, that there is still much fun to be had without acting as though there was no span of years at all between twelve and twenty.

Then they should send the boy home, telling him that he is always welcome as a visitor, even as an adopted member of the family, but not as yet as the official suitor of their daughter. So also they should speak to their daughter, insisting that they are not opposed to the boy-girl relationship but only to that type of boy-girl relationship that is ludicrous and dangerous.

The only time that *steady* company keeping is allowed is when marriage is in the foreseeable future. Because high school boys and girls are not old enough even to think about getting married in the foreseeable future (unless they are in their senior year and actually do intend to get married shortly after graduation), their dating should not be carried on in such a way as to give the impression that it is little different from a real courtship. Courtship, it must be emphasized, is permissible only as a preparation for marriage. Courtship is not permitted

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only because boy and girl feel attracted to each other. Sometimes a man feels an attraction for a sharp knife and for sticking that sharp knife deep in the vitals of his enemy. Of course he does not follow his feeling. He follows his reason and his faith. and so do wise boys and girls in this matter of going out together. They do not carry on a steady courtship just because they feel like it.

This means that the *same* boy and the *same* girl, fourteen, fifteen or sixteen years old, should not make a practice of going out together *regularly*, as though to say, "This is my girl. Nobody else can go out with her." Or, "This is my boy friend. Let every other girl keep her hands off. We're going steady." This is the thing that the Church says should not be allowed.

The trouble with this sort of thing is that it can lead to all kinds of terrible sins. Boys and girls in their teens are beginning to feel the pressure of passion. And with the pressure of passion comes a tremendous curiosity about sex and especially about the opposite sex. Steady company keeping amongst young people has a tendency to nurture both passion and curiosity. Ugly sins may be committed in consequence.

Besides, steady dating amongst teen-agers can prevent young people from getting the kind of education that the Church envisions as preparation for marriage. There are all kinds of boys in the world just as there are all kinds of girls. Each one differs from the other as star differs from star. The very purpose of early association between boys and girls is to put on exhibit these differences so that they can be studied and carefully evaluated. Marriage presupposes a

choice. How can one make a wise choice if one has not made a study of the various types from which the choice can be made? To buy a house after looking at only one house is the height of folly. To get married after going out with only one boy or girl is even greater folly. It is a folly that only too often ends in sorrow and disaster, and not too seldom in the divorce court.

There are some who say that if a girl does not have a steady boy friend, she will not have any boy friends at all. That may be true. And it is granted that it may be hard on the girl—very hard. But it will not be fatal. If all the boys of her circle insist on acting as though they were grown up when the truth is they are just past the age of childhood, she will not miss much in being by-passed by them. They will not be very good bets for husbands later on if they cannot be intelligent and wise boys now and follow the advice of those who are certainly more intelligent and wiser than themselves. The steady daters in high school very often make the poorest husbands and wives when the days of high school are over.

The idea of the Church is that boys and girls generally go out in groups—two or three or four couples. There is safety in numbers. Occasionally a boy takes a girl to a show or a party or a dance. But it is the exception rather than the rule. It is done on some special occasion. At other times the dating is group-dating.

Even in group-dating there can be danger. Here it is that the Church gives her second rule. She says that when a group of boys and girls are on a picnic or a party, there should be no wandering off into dark corners for the holding of hands or for the doing of other things that St. Paul

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says ought not even be mentioned amongst decent people, much less done. It is not good for a boy and a girl ever to be entirely alone when there are no safeguards around them to protect them. It is next to fatal for them to be up alone late at night when the rest of the family has gone to bed, or for them to park in a car in some dark corner where what they do can be seen only by the angels, the saints and Almighty God. No matter how strong they feel they are, they should not go where angels fear to tread. So it should be on the occasion of a group-date. Staying together means staying out of danger.

Boys and girls who follow the advice of the Church in their dating do not get cheated in the marriage-market when they are in a position to get married. The same cannot be said for the others who deleted five or even ten years out of their life and acted at fourteen or fifteen as though they were twenty or twenty-five. An unseasonable association with one another before nature suggests that such close association should take place can lead to an eventual contempt for one another when marriage is finally entered.

Perhaps the best rule to follow in regard to dating is that each high school girl love all the high school boys, and that each high school boy

love all the high school girls, instead of one boy loving one girl, and one girl loving one boy to the exclusion of all the others. In a love that is so sweeping there is not too grave a danger of serious sin, there is sufficiently close association of boys and girls to teach the lessons that should be taught by such association, and there is even time left over for concentration and study, which after all is the purpose of attendance at high school.

This latter does have some importance—high school is primarily for study and learning and not for love. Steady dating, that is, the same boy and girl going out with each other a couple of times a week or even more, can keep that boy and girl from being touched by the tiniest fragment of knowledge for four long years so that when they emerge from high school they are completely uneducated. They know nothing about anything except sex. There was no mental development in school. There was no spiritual development because they refused to take the advice of their spiritual superiors. Their only development from their freshman year to their senior year was their physical development. No marriage was ever a successful marriage merely because the husband and wife were well developed physically.

Sodality Triumph

Sodalists from the Caroline Islands managed, after putting in two months of perilous work, to salvage the missionary ship, *The Romance*, a task which the United States Navy had given up as hopeless. The ship, which was carrying Rev. William E. Revely, S.J., to this island parish, was put on the reefs by a heavy gale. Refusing to listen to the Navy expert's advice to scuttle the vessel, the sodalists from the Island raised and moved the forty-ton ship for the distance of a mile.

The Romance then sailed into Truk under her own power and now bears the name, *Stella Maris*.

Morning Star

Happenings in Rome

Monthly round-up of significant events in the capital of Christendom.

Christopher McEnniry

Contrast: Argentine and Peru:

Argentina is a Catholic country. Until quite recently Peron help up the Christian family as the vital cell in the national structure. Suddenly a law was passed declaring that the bond of Catholic marriage could be broken by a civil decree and that one could proceed to new nuptials while the true wife or husband was still living.

The "*Osservatore Romano*" gives a picture of the stage-setting. Loud and bitter accusations were made against certain bishops and priests who "were plotting against the republic." Government-inspired newspapers repeated and repeated the charges. Catholic Action men, Catholic University groups, members of Catholic societies, were insulted on the street and sometimes even attacked. The Government regretted that the attackers "in their deep patriotism and just indignation allowed themselves to be carried away," but, as a matter of fact, they were not carried away at all, they were told to do it.

The *Osservatore Romano* pointed out that all this is but a repetition of the sickening story of deceit and double-talk witnessed in Italy not long ago. It meant that Dictator Peron is following in the fatally misguided footsteps of Dictator Mussolini.

Sooner or later every dictator is drawn to the point where he considers himself almighty and demands that the will of all the people must bow before him. While we are saddened to see Dictator Peron attack the religion of Catholic Argentine and foist

upon it the plague of divorce and other iniquitous laws, we are heartened by the words of the President of the sister republic of Peru.

He addressed the National Eucharistic and Marian Congress of Peru. He recalled how, four centuries ago, the missionaries came with the Conquistadores and, while the soldiers gained with the sword lands for Spain, the priests gained by prayer and preaching immortal souls for Jesus Christ, Redeemer of the world. The empire built by the Conquistadores has crumbled, but the faith planted by the missionaries flourishes and will live till the end of time.

When Peru became an independent sovereign state, he said, our founding fathers wrote into our *Magna Carta* that the idea of God and the idea of the fatherland are, and ever shall be, inseparable, and that the religion of the state is that of all the people, the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion.

He pointed to those stars in the glorious firmament of Peru: Father Bartholomew de las Casas, St. Rose of Lima, and that saintly Negro lay-brother, loved and invoked throughout the world, Blessed Martin Porres.

"Fellow-patriots," he cried, "without distinction of class, category or social position, we are gathered here at the foot of this cross, symbol of our faith, to send up our prayers to the God of nations, that He may deign to guide our steps along the paths of righteousness, happiness and prosperity, that He may protect our homes, bless our labors and our efforts and

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render them ever more fruitful, that He may keep far from us the spectre of war and of internecine strife, and that He may instil into the hearts of all Peruvians the love of Christ the Redeemer who, united by this sacred bond, will bring to fruition the true greatness of Peru.

Preamble to Peace:

Nobody knows better or suffers more keenly on account of the evil doing behind the Iron Curtain than the Pope, but that does not make him blindly believe that the rest of us are always on the side of the angels. He condemns atheistic Communism, but he does not admit that "free enterprise" even if established throughout the world, would work the miracles or establish the paradise provisioned by its advocates. Men could still fear, with that fear of one another which grips the earth with terror today. The only fear that will bring peace, so much desired, is the filial fear of God, and everyone who wants peace must labor to establish that fear, first in his own heart and then in the hearts of others, even of the millions of good will behind the Iron Curtain.

His latest annual "peace message," in which the Pope makes these points in his usual masterly way, has not been sufficiently noticed or studied. Men, both high and low, prefer to grope in the deepening darkness rather than to raise their eyes to the light.

American Aid:

The hard, rocky island of Sardinia, off the west coast of Italy, is principally a grazing country. The strong, silent Sardinians lovingly care for their flocks and herds and live contentedly off their meagre income. Six months without rain burned up the grass and forage. The beasts are dying

of hunger and the population is threatened with dire misery. At this juncture the American government came to their rescue and sent large shipments of feed. The Italian Secretary of Agriculture invited our Ambassador, Mrs. Claire Booth Luce, to the ceremony at which he presented the stockmen with the first consignment and lauded the spirit of fellowship between the Italians and the "generous American people." He also told the Sardinians that other parts of Italy, not quite so hard hit as their own land, were sending contributions.

Message to China:

The Chinese people have learned through thousands of years of civilized existence the virtues of self-control, calmness and courage. The Catholics among them have found these virtues their defence and their stay. Neither promises nor threats, neither cajolery nor violence, could wean them from their faith. Accordingly the crafty Communists plotted to appeal to their patriotism to lead them to apostasy. Anybody who understands human nature can appreciate how the Chinese, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, are proud to see their country forging forward as one of the great powers of the world.

Then keep your Catholic faith, said the Communists (after they had failed to take it away from them). Be Catholics if you will, but Chinese Catholics. You do not need a foreign Pope to rule you, foreign bishops and priests to make imperialist propaganda among you, foreign money to corrupt you. Be Catholics if you wish, but be autonomous Chinese Catholics.

While the great majority of the Catholics in China have stood firm, a few have, through fear, through ignorance or through greed and ambition,

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fallen victims to this insidious appeal. The Pope, deeply pained by the apostasy of even one of his dear children in China, wrote an encyclical Letter which bears a striking resemblance to the letters St. Paul wrote to the convert Christians of his time beset by the same tempests. And with apos-

tolic earnestness he prays that "just as the sun breaks through the clouds in all its glory after the storm, so too, after this anguish, this confusion, this suffering, there may shine once more upon the Church in China peace, tranquillity and freedom."

Teen-Age Problem

Donald F. Miller

On Listening to Impure Talk

Problem: What should we do when others in our group begin to talk about unclean and impure subjects or to tell shady stories in our presence? Are we bound to leave their company? Or to tell them outright that we don't want to listen to such talk? Or is it all right to listen to them without trying to show much interest and without taking any direct part in the impure conversation?

Solution: Circumstances will generally have to determine what kind of action a person is bound to take when his (or her) companions begin to engage in impure conversation, and this holds not only for teen-agers, but for people of any age or state in life. The following principles can be set down.

1. A person is bound to give up the friendship and companionship of another when it is found out that this person habitually and incorrigibly indulges in sexy and unclean conversation. All Catholics have an obligation to shun bad companions, and a companion is bad if his mind and his tongue are constantly turning to impure stories and sexy discussions.

2. If a certain friend, who is not habitually addicted to evil talk, begins on occasion to indulge in it, or tells a dirty story, it is a duty of the friend who hears this to tell the other, in as charitable a way as possible, that such talk is wrong, and to urge that it be not permitted to mar their friendship. One of the primary purposes of friendship is to help two people avoid sin, and each person in a friendship has the duty of helping the other in this regard.

3. If a person cannot get away from others who are indulging in impure conversation e.g., when holding down a job in an office or with a group of people, and knows that to object to such talk would do no good or even make it worse, then the best thing to do is to try to show no interest in it, and, above all, not join in it in any way. One should also try to forget it as quickly as possible, and never repeat any of it to others.

4. In very many circumstances it is possible to awaken a sense of shame in persons who are talking impurely by a show of obvious disinterest or disgust in what they are saying, and by using the first available opportunity to change the topic of the conversation. Too often human respect, combined with an evil curiosity, prevent good Catholics from doing their part to lessen the all too frequent unclean conversations that are carried on today.



Sideglances

By the Bystander

Mention has often been made in this column of "paternalism," as applied to the attitude and principles of one school of thought and one class of owners in the field of industrial relations. The question has been asked us, what do we mean by paternalism, and why is it usually spoken of in a derogatory way? Let's try to answer that question. Those owners of business who argue against the necessity or the authority of labor unions, and who wish to see these done away with, invariably do so for one of two reasons. Either they want to be permitted to run their business, to hire and fire employees, to pay wages and salaries, to set prices of their products, according to the blind and mechanical law of supply and demand. This is a theory of what is best for business that had great vogue at the beginning of this century, and that still colors the thinking of many industrial leaders. The other kind of opponent of unionism and all its works is the "paternalistic" employer. His attitude is marked by two characteristics: 1) he wants full authority in his own hands over hiring and firing, hours and conditions of labor, wage-rates, etc.: 2) but at the same time he protests that his sense of justice is so keen, his love of his fellow-men, especially his employees, so great, that all who work for him would be better off if they would just leave all decisions on these matters in his hands. His emphasis is not on the blind law of supply and demand, but on the goodness of his own heart. He is deeply hurt over the idea of unions wanting to discuss their salaries and working conditions with him. He wants to be trusted as a good father is trusted by his child.

Now the idea of an employer being "paternal" toward his employees is not something that in itself is to be frowned upon; rather, rightly understood, it should be an essential feature of an employer's exercise of the authority that he possesses. All authority on earth has its roots and its sanctions and its model in the authority of God. God exercises His authority as a Father, and so the element of fatherliness should enter into the exercise of rightful authority among men. An employer does have a rightful authority over the men he employs; this authority stems from the necessity of unity in all cooperative ventures on the part of men and therefore has its foundation in the will of God. But authority, and the fatherliness or "paternal" spirit that should characterize its exercise, are not synonymous with dictatorship and tyranny and absolute control of those subject to the authority. Men who work for a living have a supernatural dignity and an eternal destiny and certain inalienable rights that must be considered by those who have any authority over them, and that should give them a voice in decisions that affect them vitally and eternally. Therefore the wrong kind of paternalism in industrial relations is that which assumes that the employer should be the sole and final judge of everything that affects his employees in any way, of wage rates, conditions of employment, reasons for hiring and firing, etc. More specifically, the paternalistic dictator among employers is the one who opposes the organization of his workers, and refuses to let them discuss or bargain with him on any point pertaining to their hire, precisely because he feels himself capable of decid-

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ing these matters himself to their best advantage.

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If it were true historically that the vast majority of employers had united with their paternal authority over their employees a recognition of the obligation to pay living wages, a persevering regard for the dignity and destiny of the workingman, a keen sense of justice toward all and freedom from unwarranted bias toward some, and a concern for the security of the workingman in the face of accident, sickness and causes of unemployment, there would never have been any necessity for the formation of unions that would bargain effectually for these things. Nor would there be any general sense in which paternalism would have to be condemned. It is a fact of history however, that the period of modern capitalism began with a total disregard of all these objectives. Starvation wages, child labor, inhumanly long hours of toil, insecurity in jobs, no protection against unemployment caused by any of a dozen factors, were all a part of the workingman's lot in the first years of the industrial age. Pope Leo XIII summed them all up in the phrase, "the exploitation of labor." Several influences gradually converged to bring about the lessening of these evils, among them the writings of Popes like Leo XIII, the teachings of scholars of social justice, the awakening to a sense of responsibility toward workingmen in government leaders and in some Christian employers. But the most important influence was the voice of labor itself, made strong by organization in unions. Such organization was for many years bitterly opposed by many employers, and opposed often by means as morally wrong as were the means sometimes used by labor leaders to organize workers. But gradually extremists and resorters to violence on both sides became fewer and less influential; governments passed laws protecting workingmen in their right to bargain for their just needs; and the in-

dependent union became widely accepted as the most natural and effective means of preventing the exploitation of labor.

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Still, today, however, there are, in the larger industries, i.e., those that employ considerable numbers of men, two kinds of employers. There is, on the one hand, the kind that accepts the union in his plant, sits down at a bargaining table with its representatives, works out a contract that by and large incorporates many of the principles of social justice, and then honors the contract while his product is being made. There is the other kind of employer of large numbers of men and women who still feels that he should not have to bargain with his employees; that he should be trusted to do the right thing for them all on his own authority. This is the "paternalist-dictator" employer. He may, and usually does, pay wages that are comparable to those paid in unionized plants. He may build gymnasiums and parks and recreation halls and even churches for the use of his employees. He may be quite generous with bonuses and presents to his employees at Christmas time. But he will stand for no independent union in his plant. He will permit no bargaining representatives of his employees, no grievance committee, to tell him what he should do, or where he has made a mistake, or whether a raise in wages is needed. In all these things he wants to dictate (albeit with the kindest heart) to his employees.

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Here are some of the objections we have to the paternalist-dictator-employer in a large industry thus described. 1) His employees cannot feel very secure about their future. He may be paying good wages today, but how will he feel about that tomorrow or next year? And if he dies suddenly, what will his successor, having the same dictatorial powers, decide to do? 2) Single employees have no recourse from being unjustly fired or reduced in salary. A

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foreman takes a dislike to them. The employer has to listen to his foremen. There is no voice to be raised against what may be an injustice evident to all but the employer. 3) Paternalist-dictators are subject to great self-deception as to what constitutes just and generous treatment of employees. There have been those who paid shockingly meagre wages, but threw a once-a-year picnic for their employees, and perhaps gave each a turkey at Christmas, and then thought they were the kindest of fathers to their workmen. They did not realize that picnics and turkeys cannot make up in justice for the paying of non-living wages. Nor can such things as recreation halls and parks built with the profits of a business that pays sub-standard wages. 4) The whole history of industrial relations reveals that the cause of justice is best served when there is a form of partnership between management and labor. That ideal is fulfilled only when labor has a voice that can and will be heard. Even the best-hearted employer, facing keen competition, and influenced inevitably by the strong desire for greater and greater profits, will find it difficult to remain faithful to the ideals of social justice unless he listens to labor's voice in any question that arises regarding the rights and needs of his men. So true is this that it can be certainly stated that, if all unions were suppressed tomorrow, the

condition of workingmen would begin to deteriorate tomorrow, not only among those that had once been unionized but amongst the unorganized as well, whose employers have been influenced, though some would not admit it, by the betterment of workers' incomes and working conditions through union activity.

Paternalist-dictators among large employers naturally win the affection of some of their employees, and pass on to them their own opposition to unions. Thus in every unorganized industry there will be some employees who have done well in their jobs, who feel a great gratitude toward their employer, who resent paying dues to a union or dislike the idea of giving time and effort to attending union meetings and electing honest officials and sponsoring just programs. Or they may have the almost slavish attitude of "whatever the employer decides is good enough for me." These workers do not realize that much of their good fortune at the hands of a paternalist-dictator-employer has been made possible by union efforts in other industries; nor that, if all employers became paternalist-dictators, with no voice of labor to speak up for its rights, the condition of all workers would eventually revert to the sad state that occasioned Pope Leo XIII's encyclical which condemned the exploitation of labor.

That Old Jesuit Influence

A Latin motto which President Eisenhower has placed on the top of his desk at the White House contains advice that has been given to religious for hundreds of years. White House aides traced the Latin legend, "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*," to Claudius Aquaviva, Superior General of the Society of Jesus in the 1600's. Jesuit scholars, however, say the idea goes back even farther and is expressed in the Rule of St. Benedict, which has guided monks and priests for centuries.

Actually the Jesuit General put it this way: "*Fortis in fine consequendo, suavis in modo assequendi*," which roughly translated is: "Be unflinching in pursuing your goal; but gentle in your manner of acting." That is also the meaning of President Eisenhower's shorter motto.



Catholic Anecdotes

Not in a Hurry

A story is related in *Leaves* that Satan was selecting the most promising of a new group of trainees from his school, to send to earth to tempt mankind. So he asked each of them how they would go about their mission of destroying souls. One said:

"I would tell people that there is no God, no devil, no heaven, no hell, and that they should eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow they die."

"No, that will never do," interrupted Satan. "No one would believe you."

Another devil, a bit more shrewd said:

"Let me go and tell them that the Church does a lot of good, but that what it teaches is only half true. I would tell them there is a God and a heaven, but no devil and no hell, and that no matter how they live they will be happy anyway."

"No, I can't let you go either," said Satan. "Only a very small minority would believe you."

A third spirit, the most clever of them all, said:

"I would tell them that everything that the Church teaches is true, and they must make a choice between God and Satan—but that there is no hurry about it."

"Go at once, my boy," said Satan, "and take all the helpers you want. You have the most wonderful system of all."

African Hero

Dr. Lin F. Cooper, great-grandson of James Fenimore Cooper, is a well-

known physician. Although a non-Catholic, Dr. Cooper supervised, with no thought of reward, a new hospital which was erected in Jirapa, Africa, by Father Remingius McCoy, a White Father from America.

While at Jirapa, Dr. Cooper met Emanuel Zingyna, one of an army of 15,000 catechists who are helping missionaries in East and West Africa. Emanuel was dying of an incurable disease, but as death came closer his faith became ever stronger.

"Do not ask God," he told his friends, "to alleviate my sufferings. Pray, rather, that I may embrace all in a Christ-like spirit."

The fortitude of this dying Dagari tribesman so impressed Dr. Cooper that he spoke of him as "the most unforgettable character I have ever met," and the Doctor will return to Africa soon as "doctor-in-charge" at the hospital operated by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

Gift For a Sick Pontiff

Rabbi Rudolph Rosenthal sent a Get-Well message to the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, and in it was a check for ninety-three dollars. Rabbi Rosenthal, of Cleveland, Ohio, had been given a check for seventy-eight dollars for the purpose by his friend, Henry Polatsek, one dollar for each of the Pontiff's birthdays. Declaring that the past fifteen years of the Pope's Pontificate were the most important ones in his life, the Rabbi added an additional fifteen dollars, one for each of the fifteen years of the Holy Father's reign.



Pointed Paragraphs

Opportunities Without Obligation

During Holy Week, some of the most beautiful commemorative religious services of the entire year are held in every Catholic church, and yet none of them are Catholics bound by conscience or by law to attend. Here the Church would seem to want her children to manifest their faith and demonstrate their love of Christ by choosing with complete freedom to take part in the ceremonies that mark the anniversaries of the most important days in the life of the Church.

There is, first of all, Maundy Thursday. That day commemorates the celebration of the first Mass by Christ; the first Communion of the apostles and the first in the history of the world; and Christ's giving of the command and the power to the apostles and their successors that would bring about the offering of His body and blood as food and drink to all mankind to the end of time. It must surely be a weak Catholic who does not feel himself driven by deep gratitude and love for Christ to attend the Maundy Thursday Mass and to receive Holy Communion on that day. And if circumstances make impossible attendance at Mass for some, they will surely find half an hour during the day to spend in adoration and reparation before the altar of reposi-tion in which Christ's presence will be honored throughout the day.

Then there is Good Friday. What real Catholic can stay away from the commemorative services of this day? This is the day on which he was re-deemed; the day that opened for him

the closed gates of heaven. Though not bound by any law to attend church services on this day, every lover of Christ will be present at the Mass of the Presanctified, or the Tre Ore, or at least evening services in his parish church.

Finally comes Holy Saturday. This is the day when the Church begins to savor and utilize all the merits won by the death of Christ for all men; when she blesses the new fire and the Easter water and the symbolic candle; when she sings of the dawn after darkness and the hope after despair. It is a little sad that so few Catholics take part in the meaningful ceremonies of this wonderful day.

Why not set aside these three days of Holy Week this year for joining with the Church in commemorating the greatest events that ever happened in the history of the world?

Easter Sunday

What does the resurrection of Christ mean for the Christian?

It means the promise of heaven. By His resurrection Christ proved that He was God. If He was God, His death on Good Friday did actually effect the redemption of the human race. Had He not been God, His crucifixion would have been no different from the crucifixions of the two thieves at His side. There was no indication of His divinity as He hung upon the cross. His divinity was entirely hidden. It was not until Easter Sunday that the proof was given. By His own power and according to His prophecy He arose from the dead.

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It proves the possibility of the resurrection of our bodies at the end of the world. There are people who say that it is impossible for a body to be reassembled once it has fallen into dust. They maintain that not even science could bring about such a marvel.

Science cannot bring about such a marvel. But God can. In fact, God did when He brought back to life the body of His only begotten Son on that first Easter Sunday. If God performed this miracle once, He can do it again. It is just as easy for Him to do it a million times as it is for Him to do it once. So, if we are worried about our bodies falling into dust and thereby coming to an absolute end, we need worry no longer. Easter Sunday tells us what is going to happen.

The resurrection of Our Lord takes much of the sting out of the sorrows and tragedies of life that are the lot of every human being. Why should one worry if one is taken down with a cancer or with weak lungs or with poverty or with anything else that is hard to bear when one remembers that such troubles are of short duration at the longest. Our Lord had His troubles. He even died as a common criminal. But he conquered His troubles through His glorious resurrection. That is exactly the way it will happen to us.

Finally, the resurrection of Christ proves to us the kindness and the mercy of Christ. God could have just promulgated a decree to the effect that at the end of the world all of us would rise from the grave. He could have made our acceptance of the decree depend entirely on our faith. He did much more than pass a decree. He actually acted out in His own body what is going to happen to ours. He teaches us as a father might teach his

child—by object lessons. He could hardly do more than this.

Selling Out The Faith

A recent report from Japan carries the information that each year in Japan there are some 3000 Shinto marriages involving American soldiers from the occupying force. A Shinto marriage is one performed according to the elaborate religious ritual of this primitive and pagan Japanese religion.

There are some, of course, who will find in this fact nothing noteworthy. Getting married has become a matter of some triviality in the eyes of some of our citizens. For them, the ceremony has long been divorced from any religious connotation. They are content with a two-minute ceremony in the dingy parlor of a rural justice of the peace. They feel this way about it: Why worry about *how* a man is married, so long as, in the best Hollywood traditions, he marries his true love.

Despite this, we find the fact of the 3000 Shinto marriages each year very significant, and for the following reason.

One of the certainties of life, for the convinced Christian, is that Christianity is true, and all other religions are false. At a certain point in human history God became man, and lived on earth for 33 years, during which time He founded a Church to lead men to heaven. And after doing this, He died on a cross that the world might be redeemed. For the convinced Christian, these are objective facts, no longer open to doubt.

There is, then, it seems to us, something like treason itself in the act of a Christian who lightly puts aside his faith and submits to a pagan ritual in the sacred and essentially religious act of getting married. It is an action

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something like that of the early Christians who grew weak under trial, and offered incense to the false gods to save their wretched skin. We feel sorry for the confused and mixed-up young men involved in this treason. We are fearful for their parents for whom there will be a severe judgment if they failed to hand down a strong Christian faith by precept and example to their children.

We are well aware that such doctrine as this is intensely repugnant to the self-styled "liberals," for whom there is no such thing as objective truth or reality. Shintoism, Buddhism, Christianity, Mohammedanism — all these, they contend, are merely different representations of a universal religious feeling which is essentially subjective, and has no objective reality behind it. This is a variation on an international scale of the illogical and nonsensical cliché: All religions are equally good and equally true. To

believe this is to make a fool out of God, as if He changes His revelation to us with the inconsistency of a weather-vane.

But if this kind of thinking sufficiently permeates our national thinking, as a nation we are lost. A man will not fight for a will-of-the-wisp; he will fight when the chips are down only for what he regards as firmly and unshakably true, and in our western civilization, it is Christianity which is the core and center of all we hold sacred.

It is the unshakable truth of Christianity that our enemies from within are trying to undermine. An indication of the measure of their success is the fact that each year in Japan 3000 young Americans, without any great qualms, in a solemn moment of their life, repudiate Christianity and go over to the pagans. God help us if their way of thinking represents the majority American opinion!

Boy's Description of Jealousy

A school boy was asked to write an essay on jealousy, setting forth his ideas concerning the green-eyed monster and its depredations among the human species, whereupon he handed in the following composition:

"Jealousy is mine because I make my own. I pick out some guy and go to feelin' jealous. Last year I picked out Dick Herrin to be jealous on. I just jelled and jelled on him because he made the first team and I didn't. Boy! I jealousd him all year. Every time he made a touchdown and me sittin' on the bench, I added another layer of jealousy to my growing stack. Finally I decided that I hated Dick. Boy! How I hated him all over the place!

"Funny thing about this whole thing was that every time Dick would speak to me when we met, and then when I just barely nodded, Dick kept right on speaking. He even got me out of a nasty mess with the principal one day. I found out that Dick didn't know that I was jelling on him, and then one day I says to myself; 'What the heck? This guy don't even know I'm sore at him. I'm forgetting the whole thing. I'm the only one that's been uncomfortable about this mess.'

"Dick and I are good buddies now, and I think that jealousy is a one-sided game. It's like eating green apples; it doesn't bother anybody but yourself, and you get an awful stomachache from it."

Banner



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by John P. Schaefer

THE PRACTICE OF THE LOVE OF JESUS CHRIST

Chap. V. — CHARITY IS NOT PUFFED UP

A proud man is like a balloon filled with air. It seems great. But, in reality, its greatness is nothing more than a little air. As soon as the balloon is opened, it is quickly dispersed. He who loves God is humble and is not elated at seeing any worth in himself. For he realizes that whatever he possesses is a gift of God, and that of himself he possesses but nothingness and sin. This knowledge of the divine favors bestowed on him humbles him the more, for he is conscious of being so unworthy and yet so favored by God.

St. Teresa says, in speaking of the special favors she received from God: "God does with me as they do with a house, which, when about to fall, they prop up with supports." Two things are especially required for the stability of a house: the foundation and the roof. The foundation in us must be humility, in acknowledging ourselves good for nothing and capable of nothing. And the roof is the divine assistance, in which alone we ought to put our trust.

Whenever we behold ourselves unusually favored by God, we must humble ourselves the more. When St. Teresa, for instance, received any special favor, she used to place before her eyes all the faults she had ever committed. And for this, the Lord received her into closer union with Himself. The more a soul confesses itself undeserving of any favors, the more

God enriches it with His graces.

Thais, who was at first a great sinner and then a saint, humbled herself so profoundly before God that she dared not even mention His name. She had not the courage to say, "My God," but she said, "My Creator, have mercy on me." And St. Jerome writes that, in reward for such humility, she saw a glorious throne prepared for her in heaven. Oh, that we could only realize the value of humility! A single act of humility is worth more than all the riches of the universe.

It was a favorite saying of St. Teresa: "Think not that you have advanced far in perfection, until you consider yourself the worst of all, and desire to be placed below all." On this maxim the saint acted, and so have all the other saints. St. Francis of Assisi, St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi and the rest considered themselves the greatest sinners in the world, and were surprised that the earth sheltered them and did not open up under their feet to swallow them up alive.

St. John of Avila had from his infancy led a holy life. When he was on his deathbed, the priest in attendance said many sublime things to him. He took him for what, indeed, he was, a great servant of God and a learned man. But Father Avila exclaimed: "Father, I pray you to make the recommendation of my soul, as of the soul of a criminal condemned to death; for such I really am." This is

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the opinion which saints entertain of themselves in life and death.

If we would save our souls, we, too, must act in this manner. If we would preserve ourselves in the grace of God until death, we must place all our confidence in God alone. The proud man relies on his own strength, and therefore falls. But the humble man, by placing all his trust in God alone, stands firm, no matter how violent and multiplied temptations may be.

The devil at one time tempts us to presumption; at another to diffidence. Whenever he suggests to us that we are in danger of falling, then we should tremble the more. For if God would but for an instant withdraw from us His grace, we would be lost. When he tempts us to diffidence, then let us turn to God, and address Him with great confidence: "In thee, O Lord, have I hoped; I shall never be confounded." We ought to exercise ourselves continually, even to the last moments of our life, in these acts of diffidence in ourselves and of confidence in God, always begging God to grant us humility.

But it is not enough, in order to be humble, to have a lowly opinion of ourselves, and to consider ourselves the miserable beings that we really are. The man who is truly humble, says Thomas a Kempis, despises himself and wishes also to be despised by others. Our Lord Himself recommends this practice to us: "Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart."

If anyone styles himself the greatest sinner in the world and then is angry when others despise him, he plainly reveals humility of tongue, but not of heart. St. Thomas Aquinas says that a person who resents being slighted may be certain that he is far from perfection, even though he should per-

form miracles. The divine Mother sent St. Ignatius Loyola from heaven to instruct St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi in humility. Behold the lesson which the saint gave her: "Humility is a gladness at whatever leads us to despise ourselves." Mark well, a *gladness*. If our feelings resent the contempt we receive, at least let us be glad in spirit.

Is it possible for a soul who professes to love Jesus Christ not to love contempt? Behold how your God was buffeted and spit upon and how He suffered in His Passion! For this reason our Redeemer wishes us to keep His image exposed on our altars: not an image representing Him in glory, but nailed to the cross, that we might have His ignominies constantly before our eyes. This sight made the saints rejoice at bearing contempt in this world.

Should a person pretending to spirituality practice prayer, frequent Communion, fasts, and mortification, and yet be unable to endure an affront or a biting word, of what is this a sign? It is a sign that he is a hollow reed, without humility and without virtue. How, indeed, can we express our love for Jesus Christ, if we are unable to endure a slight for the love of Him Who has endured so much for us?

In his golden little book, Thomas a Kempis writes: "Since you have such an abhorrence of being humbled, it is a sign that you are not dead to the world, have no humility, and that you do not keep God before your eyes. He who does not have God before his eyes, is disturbed at every syllable of censure that he hears.

"What others say shall command an attentive hearing, and what you say shall be taken no account of. Others shall make a request and obtain it; you shall ask for something and meet

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with a refusal. Others shall be magnified in the mouths of men, and on you no one shall bestow a word. Such and such an office shall be conferred on others, but you shall be passed by as unfit for anything. With such like trials the Lord is accustomed to prove His faithful servant, and to see how far He has learned to overcome himself and to hold his peace. Nature, indeed, will at times rebel, but you will derive immense profit from it, if you support all in silence."

The grand occasion for practicing humility is when we are corrected for some fault by superiors or others. Some people resemble the porcupine. They are all calmness and meekness as long as they are not touched. But no sooner does a superior or a friend touch them, by an observation on something which they have done imperfectly, than they become a mass of quills. They answer heatedly that so and so is not true, that they were right in acting in this manner, that such a correction is entirely uncalled for. To rebuke them is to become their enemy. They behave like a person who raves at the surgeon for paining

them in curing their wounds.

"When the virtuous and humble man is corrected for a fault," says St. John Chrysostom, "he grieves at having committed it. The proud man, on the other hand, grieves also, but because his fault is detected, and is angry with the person who corrects him."

This is the golden rule of St. Philip Neri, to be observed in receiving correction: "Whoever would really become a saint must never excuse himself, although what is laid to his charge be not true." There is only one exception to this rule: when self-defense may appear necessary to prevent scandal.

What merit with God has that soul that is wrongly corrected, and yet keeps silent, refraining from defending itself! St. Teresa said: "There are times when a soul makes more progress and acquires a greater degree of perfection by refraining from excusing itself than by listening to ten sermons. For by not excusing itself the soul begins to obtain freedom of spirit, and to be indifferent to the world speaking well or ill of itself."

Prayers For Patience

The following prayers were actually uttered by the early martyrs in the torments inflicted on them by their persecutors. Christians who watched their martyrdom secretly noted down their cries to God for patience and perseverance, and preserved them as a precious heritage. Those who are in pain or agony might well make use of them:

"O Lord Christ, may I not be confounded.

Help me, Christ; I pray Thee, pity!

I pray Thee, Christ, give me strength to endure my torments.

I pray Thee, O Christ, hear me. I give Thee thanks, O God.

O Christ, have pity! Son of God, help me!

O Christ, deliver me! I suffer for Thy name.

Suffering will soon be over. I suffer willingly O Christ.

Praise be to Thee, O Christ! Hear me, O Christ!

Give me patience! My hope is in Thee! I shall not be confounded.

Thanks be to Thee, O Christ! I suffer for Thee!

Glory be to Christ, my God!

By Thy name, O Christ, Son of God, deliver thy servant."

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



Conducted by Thomas Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

John Ching Hsung Wu, 1899 -

I. Life:

John Wu was born in Ningpo, China, on March 28, 1899. His early education was received in the schools of his native China. In 1920 he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the Comparative School of Law of China. Mr. Wu then left his home to continue his studies in the United States and Europe. He attended the Universities of Michigan and Harvard in the United States and the Universities of Paris and Berlin in Europe. Mr. Wu was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of Portland and also by Boston College. In 1916 John Wu married Teresa Li in Ningpo, China, and twelve children have come to bless their marriage. From 1924 until 1938 he was professor of law at his alma mater, the Comparative School of Law of China, and he served as dean of the school during the last three years of his stay there. He was also Chief Justice of the Shanghai Provincial Court from 1927 until 1929. Doctor Wu was the drafter of the new constitution of China, which was accepted in 1946. He served as advisor to the Chinese delegation to the U.N. in San Francisco. During the years 1946 until 1949,

Wu represented his government as minister to the Holy See. After teaching at the University of Hawaii, Dr. Wu accepted his present position as professor of Law at Seton Hall. In 1937 he became a convert from Methodism through the influence of the Little Flower.

II. Writings:

Doctor Wu has written several books in his special field of law: *Juridical Essays and Studies* and *The Art of Law*. *The Interior Carmel* reflects his great love of the Little Flower, and contains a simplified study of mysticism.

III. The Book:

Beyond East and West is the very personal autobiography of John Wu. He tells of his family life, education, conversion to the Church, marriage and diplomatic and judicial posts. The title shows that Christ and Christianity are *Beyond East and West*, as they are universal. Readers of this autobiography will meet the very cultured and pious Chinese who has become very well known in the United States.

APRIL BOOK REVIEWS

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

The Image of God in Sex. By Vincent Wilkin, S.J. 88 pp. New York, N.Y.: Sheed and Ward. \$1.75.

There are two basically false ideas of

sex: 1) The pagan, which sees man as only a body without an immortal soul and considers sex as everything; 2) The Puritan, which thinks that only the soul is good and the body is evil and treats sex as nothing,

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or as evil in itself. Between these two extremes is God's view of sex as a share in His own creative power. Father Vincent Wilkin, S.J., the chaplain to the Catholic students at the University of Liverpool, presents the traditional Catholic view of sex in his book, *The Image of God in Sex*. Profoundly theological, the author goes back to the generation of the Son of God by the Father as the basis of the true idea of sex. He then shows the union of the two natures, human and divine, in Christ as a marriage between God and human nature; the Mystical Body as the nuptial union between Christ and all men. The last two chapters deal with marriage in itself and Christian marriage as the union between man and woman that shares in the divine creative power. Basically the treatment is simple, because fundamental ideas and facts are by nature simple, but the book demands close reading as the words and sentences are well chiseled. Priests, religious, students and educated lay persons will find this book very profitable.

CATHOLIC MARRIAGE

A Guide to Catholic Marriage. By Clement S. Mihanovich, Gerald J. Schnepf, S.M., and John L. Thomas, S.J. 320 pp. Milwaukee, Wis.: Bruce Publishing Co. \$4.50.

Promised in Christ. 55 pp. Loveland, Ohio: Grailville. \$.50.

It is good to see a scientific book on marriage written by three competent scholars: a married man, a priest with wide experience in marriage counselling, and a Brother of Mary with many years of contact with the young. *A Guide To Catholic Marriage* could be called a fairly complete treatise on the important aspects of marriage. The topics are grouped under two headings: *Marriage* and the *Family*. The eight chapters under *Marriage* are comprehensive: *The Changing Family, From Courtship to Honeymoon, Sex in Marriage, Psychological Aspects, Money and Marriage, Church*

Laws on Marriage, Mixed and Interracial Marriages, and Legal Aspects of Marriage. The second section under the heading, *The Family*, discusses *The Family and Child, Crises in the Family, Divorce, Birth Control and Rhythm, The Family and Social Agencies* and *The Development of the Modern American Family*.

The mere listing of the chapter titles gives an idea of the completeness of coverage. The reading of the book will manifest the thoroughness of treatment of the various problems from many different viewpoints. This is a scientific book that will aid engaged and married couples as well as all professional people who are called upon to deal with marriage problems.

Many a young girl has received excellent training for her vocation of marriage at Grailville, Ohio. Two of the devotional practices promoted at Grailville are the Solemn Betrothal and the Crowning of the Bride. Not too many realize that the Church has special provisions made for Solemn Betrothal. *Promised in Christ* is a booklet that contains appropriate prayers for both spiritual practices.

HISTORICAL NOVEL

Bride for New Orleans. By Edward F. Murphy. 313 pp. Garden City, N.Y.: Hanover House. \$3.75.

Those who have enjoyed the operetta, *Naughty Marietta*, will understand the background of the novel, *Bride for New Orleans*. When New Orleans was very young, "casket girls" came from France to become the wives of the pioneers and the mothers of the sons and daughters of New France. The present novel deals with the adventures of one of these girls, Yvonne Delisle. A high spirited and very young girl, Yvonne gets into enough adventure for three girls. All the classic elements of the romantic tale are found here: love, murders, deaths, storms, etc. Father Edward Murphy, the author of *The Scarlet Lily*, has used his literary ability to mold these elements into a readable novel. But this re-

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viewer found it difficult to swallow so many adventures in one life and at times thought he was reading one of the old time melodramas.

RONALD KNOX RETREAT

Retreat for Lay People. By Ronald Knox.

258 pp. New York, N.Y.: Sheed and Ward. \$3.00.

The versatile pen of Monsignor Knox, which has produced a new translation of the Bible as well as talks for school girls, now turns to a *Retreat for Lay People*. Such a title might lead the reader to suspect that it is just another book written in a hackneyed style, but the name of the author should reassure the person that the treatment could not be in such a trite fashion.

The first few pages of the book show that the *Retreat for Lay People* is different in both contents and style. As an example, the first conference is on discouragement in retreat and not on the usual what, why, and how of a retreat. Monsignor Knox does not try to develop a definite theme, but picks and chooses topics that fit his mood. The book is a spiritual grab-bag into which one may dip at random and come up with a choice spiritual morsel. The twenty-four conferences are in the best style of Monsignor Knox, a sort of off-beat approach to old subjects.

COLOR BOOKS

Antonietta. \$.50; *Saint Pius X.* \$.35; *St. Meinrad.* \$.35; *The Way of the Cross.* \$.35; *St. Christopher.* \$.35. Text by Mary Fabyan Windeatt. Illustrations by Gedge Harmon. St. Meinrad, Ind.: Grail Publications.

We welcome the latest color books from the Grail Publications. The names of Mary Fabyan Windeatt and Gedge Harmon are sufficient evidence of their excellence. Rec-

ommended to all parents of children who like to color, and what children don't!

FOR THE SICK

Finding God in Sickness. By Rev. Joseph Korompai, D. D. Translated by Rev. Ladislaus Magyar, Ph.D. 74 pp. Buffalo, N.Y.: Everybody's Publishing Co. \$1.25.

The author of this book of personal meditations is a Hungarian priest who was crippled and made bed-ridden by a serious illness. From his own pain came these very comforting and consoling spiritual reflections. Excellent for those blessed with the heavy cross of sickness.

THE HOLY LAND

Cradle of Our Faith. By John C. Trever. 85 pp. Washington, D.C.: United States Junior Chamber of Commerce.

John C. Trever is the author of this pictorial journey through the Holy Land. It is a picture record of the three Faiths that have their origin in Jerusalem: Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism. The color photographs taken by Mr. Trever are beautiful. This book, a project of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, serves as a good introduction to the holy places.

NEW EDITION

We received word from the author, Mr. Joseph J. Cosgrove, that a third edition of *The Cedar of Lebanon* is being published by Coleman Books of Kansas City. The book is an historical novel of the time of Christ with Vitus Curtius as the hero and was reviewed favorably in THE LIGUORIAN some time ago. The book has been published in Holland and also as a magazine serial in India. Walter Winchell says it "rates a plug." Readers will enjoy this definitely Catholic novel of Christian life in the apostolic age.

Pamphlets

Write for the list of 5-cent, 10-cent, and 25-cent pamphlets published by The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Liguori, Missouri. Over a hundred titles are offered, covering a wide variety of moral and spiritual topics.

BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, Published at the University of Scranton, Pa.

I. Suitable for general reading:

Lives of the Saints—*Plassman*
 The Deliverance of Sister Cecilia—*Brinkley*
 The Heart of O. Henry—*Kramer*
 Children's Shepherd—*Burton*
 The Queen is in the Kitchen—*McCarthy*
 Love of Seven Dolls—*Gallico*
 The Home Book of Musical Knowledge—*Ewen*
 K2; The Savage Mountain—*Houston*
 The Messenger—*Remy*
 Prisoner's Bluff—*Magener*
 Concise Dictionary of American Grammar and Usage—*Whitford*
 The Golden Argosy—*Cartmell*

II. Suitable only for adults:

A. Because of advanced style and contents:

Hadrian's Memoirs—*Yourcenar*
 Treadmill to Oblivion—*Allen*
 The Man in the Thick Lead Suit—*Lang*
 Red Design for Americas: Guatemalan Prelude—*James*
 Old Men Forget. The Autobiography of Duff Cooper (Viscount Norwich)—*Cooper*
 The Guideposts Anthology—*Peale*
 A New Testament Commentary—Volume Two—*Knox*
 Great River—*Horgan*
 School of Darkness—*Dodd*
 Thunder on St. Paul's Day—*Lane*
 An Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor—*Cerf*
 O'Higgins and Don Bernardo—*Nelson*
 When Minds Go Wrong—*Grimes*
 That Reminds Me—*Barkley*
 Raft of Despair—*Tiira*
 Song of the Sky—*Murchie*
 The Other Place—*Priestley*
 Life With Groucho—*Marx*
 Foreign Policy Analysis—*Gross*
 Hugh Roy Cullen: A Story of American Opportunity—*Kilman*
 How to Be A Successful Teen-Ager—*Menninger*

Counseling with Young People—*Morris*
 Candle Against the Sun—*Spearman*
 The Secret Diary of Harold Ickes: Volume III, Lowering Clouds, 1939-1941—*Ickes*
 Smoking and Cancer: A Doctor's Report—*Ochsner*
 Confusion Twice Confounded—*Brady*
 The Red Petticoat—*MacMahon*
 The Cliff's Edge—*Haskett*

B. Because of immoral incidents which do not, however invalidate the book as a whole:

My Brother's Keeper—*Davenport*
 The Long Ships—*Bengtsson*
 The Sword of God—*Hardy*
 Hatchet in the Sky—*Gay*
 White Terror of the Atlantic—*Clift*
 The Hero of Saint Roger—*Tickell*
 Catch the Gold Ring—*Strange*
 The Last Hunt—*Lott*
 The Cornerstone—*Oldenbourg*
 The Adventurers—*Haycox*
 The Black Prince—*Grau*
 The Healer—*Slaughter*
 Prize Stories 1955—*Engle*
 The Devil His Due—*O'Farrell*
 The Blue Hurricane—*Mason*

III. Permissible for the discriminating reader:

The French Revolution, 1788-1792—*Salvemini*
 Yankees and God—*Smith*
 Mr. Maugham Himself—*Beecroft*
 The Works of Oscar Wilde—*Maine*
 The Goodly Seed—*Wylie*

IV. Not recommended to any reader:

The Lion at Morning—*Longstreet*
 The Marching Wind—*Clark*
 The Wicked Pavilion—*Powell*
 To Find A Killer—*White*
 Benton's Row—*Yerby*
 Make the Most of Yourself—*Steiner*
 The Immoralist—*Gide*
 All Men are Mortal—*Beauvoir*



Lucid Intervals

A farmer and a professor were sharing a seat on a train. Both were getting bored, so the farmer started a conversation and they soon became quite chummy.

"Suppose we have an old-fashioned game of riddles to pass the time," suggested the professor. "If I propound a riddle you can't guess, you give me a dollar and vice versa."

"All right," agreed the farmer, "but as you are better educated than I am, I think I should give you only fifty cents each time I lose." The professor assented to this as fair enough and said: "Go ahead and lead off with your riddle."

"Well," said the farmer, "what animal has three legs walking and two legs flying?"

The college man pondered that one long and hard, but finally gave up.

"I'll admit I don't know. Here's your dollar. Now, what's the answer?"

"Sorry," said the farmer, "but I don't know either. Here's your fifty cents."

A play-boy bought a pink shirt with huge purple dots. In the pocket was a note with a girl's name and address, and a request that the buyer of the shirt send him a photograph.

"Ah, romance," thought the Lothario, and immediately mailed a snap-shot of himself arrayed in the new finery.

Several days later he received a letter:

"Thanks for the photo. I was just curious to see what kind of a jerk would buy such a shirt."

"I've been warden of this penitentiary for twenty-five years today," said the warden to a trusty, "and tonight we're going to celebrate. What kind of a party do you think the boys would like?"

"Well," said the prisoner wistfully, "they'd sure appreciate an 'open house'."

"I know I'm not much to look at," said the new bridegroom.

"That's O.K.," said his new bride, "you'll be at the office most of the time."

A little old lady who lived in the country had been given a television set, and some time later called the TV serviceman to the house.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he said, as he set down his bag of equipment and tools.

"The programs are lousy," she replied.

A temperance lecturer was really warmed up to her subject.

"Who has the most money to spend? The most expensive cars to drive? The finest furs to wear? Yes, the saloon-keeper and his wife. And who pays for these pleasures? You, the drinkers," she thundered.

Some time later, a man and his wife stopped the lecturer on the street to thank her for the inspiration her talk had given them.

"I'm happy, indeed," beamed the lecturer. "Did you give up drinking?"

"Well, not exactly," said the man. "We've bought a saloon."

A young officer who was nothing if not efficient was inspecting Selective Service Headquarters in the south. Noting that the number of desks, telephones and typewriters seemed far in excess of personnel, he asked one of the girls:

"What is the normal complement of this office?"

The girl was puzzled only for a moment.

"Well, sub," she replied, "Ah reckon the most usual compliment around here is 'Howdy, honey, you sure look luscious this mawning.'"

Amongst Ourselves

A considerable section of the *Readers Retort* department will be used next month to publish and answer a wide variety of objections and queries that have been sent to us by readers of the article in the January issue of *THE LIGUORIAN*, on "Catholics and the Y.M.C.A." A preview of what this will be like may be found in one or the other letter in this month's *Readers Retort*. The underlying note in most of the objections is the statement that anything that is done for young people, i.e., to keep them wholesomely occupied, to train them in swimming and other athletic skills, should be supported and utilized even by Catholics. The answer will always have to be the same. The Y.M.C.A. represents and endeavors to instill, with more or less directness and persistence according to the talent and zeal of local directors, a theory of Christianity that is contrary to the convictions of Catholics who understand their faith. It is the theory that the many forms of Christianity represented by the many sects that call themselves Christian are all equally true and equally good as a way of salvation. This theory constitutes a religion in itself, and the Y is only one of many powerful propaganda instruments bent on selling this idea to the American people.

It is not mere religious partisanship, nor unwarranted religious rival-

ry, that makes it morally obligatory for Catholics not to give their support and cooperation to an organization dedicated to spreading this notion of the nature of the Christian religion. It is rather a direct moral consequence of a verified conviction of what is the one true religion established by Christ. This makes it necessary for a Catholic to refuse to say himself, or to support others in saying, that all Christian religious sects and organizations are equally good. It is to be expected that this stand will awaken a certain degree of animosity in some of those who insist that all religions are equally good. Yet most of them will recognize the principle involved, and will even see themselves applying it to their own sense of responsibility in fields other than religion. For example, if one could conceive of such a thing as the existence of a school in which erroneous principles of arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, etc., were consistently taught, any educated man who knew right arithmetic, spelling, grammar etc., would certainly feel bound not to give support to such a school. His knowledge of the truth would create a moral obligation not to help in the dissemination of untruth. It is by such an obligation that Catholics, who know they have found the true religion, are bound not to promote theories opposed to the truth.

IT IS EASY . . .

to determine the date when your subscription to *THE LIGUORIAN* expires. Look at the address stencilled on the back cover of one of your copies. If the numbers at the end of the first line read "7-55," your subscription began with the 7th month of 1954, and the last issue you are entitled to receive is that of June, 1955.

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LIGUORI PILGRIMAGE

The Redemptorist Fathers of Liguori, Missouri, who publish *The Liguorian*, have been authorized by their superiors to lead a pilgrimage to Europe this coming summer.

The pilgrimage will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the death of St. Gerard Majella, widely known in America as patron of mothers, by visiting his tomb in beautiful southern Italy.

It will also spend several days in Rome, during which a solemn triduum in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help and St. Gerard will be held before the original miraculous picture of Perpetual Help in the Church of Sant' Alfonso. On the trip through Europe the shrine of Lourdes and other famous shrines and places of interest will be visited.

Readers of *The Liguorian* who are interested in joining the pilgrimage should write now for information. Those whose circumstances will permit it may take the full tour, lasting forty-four days. Those who will have a shorter time at their free disposal may make arrangements with the tour-director to be gone much less than that, even as little as two weeks. In this case, arrangements will be made for travelling by air to and from Europe, so that as much time as possible may be spent visiting the famous shrines.

Sailing date for those travelling together by ship has already been arranged for August 17th, on the S.S. Queen Elizabeth. For further information, write to

Redemptorist Fathers
Box 200
Liguori, Mo.

